

75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 23, 1976

®

TIME

THE BIG PAYOFF

Lockheed Scandal:
Graft Around the Globe





A true story:

The Scene of the Crime: Elaine Finkelstein, her new Ford Granada Ghia...and the parking ticket.

"My parking ticket said Cadillac. But my car is a Ford Granada."

*Elaine Finkelstein
Manhasset, New York*

Exhibit A: The Ticket.



On October 2, 1975 the meter ran out on Elaine Finkelstein of Manhasset, New York:

"When I came out of the store and saw the parking ticket on my windshield, I thought Oh no! But when I looked at the ticket...and it said 'Cadillac'...I couldn't believe it! My car is a Ford Granada."

A simple case of mistaken identity? Perhaps. But we suspect the Officer's ticket slip-up could provide at least one clue to Granada's remarkable popularity.

Examine the facts: A car with the functional size and shape, the classic good looks

of the Mercedes-Benz 280 and Cadillac Seville—yet with a sticker price more closely resembling a VW Rabbit's.

Incredible? One Granada test-drive is all the proof most people need. Visit your Ford Dealer. Find out what Elaine Finkelstein found out: The closer you look, the better we look.

FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



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figures for other menthols
that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand KM (Menthol)	13	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7

Carlton Menthol—

***2 mg. tar, 0.2 mg. nicotine.**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands) —

***1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine.**

* All per cigarette by FTC method.



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reduced.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



TIME REPORTERS, WRITERS & EDITORS TALKING POLITICS

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Presidential campaigns offer the nation a welcome opportunity to learn about itself, and to illuminate and (sometimes) settle all sorts of issues, from busing to pot to unemployment policy. This election year, with its long calendar of primaries and crowded field of candidates, presents a special challenge to voters—and to journalists. To help chart public attitudes on the candidates and the issues, TIME will augment its own coverage with public opinion polling surveys.

Our partner in this enterprise, continuing an association begun in 1972, is Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., the New York-based research firm. It will conduct six surveys for us, three during the primaries and three more following the party conventions. Building on the body of data gathered up in two years of quarterly TIME Soundings, the last of which appears in this issue, these polls will not only rank the candidates but also plumb changing voter attitudes. The goal is to study America while it is evaluating the candidates.

Another part of our 1976 planning took place in Washington last month, when staffers from New York and correspondents from round the country met for two days to compare notes. The preparations included talking politics with some old pros: Gerald Ford, Nelson Rockefeller, Senator Edward Kennedy and the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic national committees, Howard Callaway and Robert Strauss. Even before then, most of the leading candidates had met with TIME's editors in New York.

As in 1972, TIME's correspondents have divided the U.S. into five political regions. Together with our Washington bureau and roving National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian, they will file their observations each week to Nation Senior Editor Marshall Loeb and staff in New York. Loeb is looking forward to the challenge of tracking the political year in print, an assignment that he finds "uniquely suited to our capabilities of analysis and summary."

Ralph P. Davidson

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Olympians Without a Home

To the Editors:

Your Olympic preview [Feb. 2] was beautiful.

Isn't it a shame that the speed skaters will have no facility to return to? The only 400-meter U.S. Olympic rink was closed last month by the Wisconsin State Fair Park Board. This rink is located near Milwaukee, where Peter Mueller and Sheila Young trained to represent the U.S. Too bad America can't spend some money to keep the rink and the sport going.

U.S. Olympic hopefuls and little speed skaters now have no place to train. The National Championship races were

can skaters have played a great role in revolutionizing skating—in some cases, changing it into an art form.

Vicki Kaywood
Glenview, Ill.

How refreshing to receive TIME with Dorothy Hamill featured in the article on the Olympics. Aren't we all somewhat weary of hearing about the lives and loves of politicians?

Carole Schetter
New Orleans

Presidential Love

Where has TIME been? It was common knowledge in the late '50s that the CIA film on President Sukarno's bedroom abilities [Feb. 2] was taken by Dr. Sukarno as so complimentary that he tried (unsuccessfully) to get copies for public viewing in Indonesia, and thereby gain increased respect among his countrymen.

Park Howard
Reno

Having lived in Asia some years, I find it interesting to see the difference in reactions to revelations of Jack Kennedy's other women. Here people assume that this is part of a continuing effort to deify him.

Dennis B. Block
Manila

The Dye Is Cast Out

In your requiem for Red Dye No. 2 [Feb. 2] you say: "Without it, instant chocolate pudding would be greenish, artificially flavored grape soda would look blue," etc. Perhaps banning of all such food-cosmetics would spur a more critical look at the oddly colored substances that we accept as food.

Dick Leavitt
White Plains, N.Y.

Anyway, what is so bad about green chocolate pudding?

Joel S. Levine
Hampton, Va.

I am convinced that only when children born with birth defects, cancer-stricken young and middle-aged adults, etc. reach the point of impairing industry's productivity and profit, will the giant corporations say stop the pollution—and then it will be stopped.

David Seulean
Anderson, Ind.

Since Red Dye No. 2 has proved to be carcinogenic to rats, we suggest that manufacturers of the dye donate their

surplus stock to cities with rat-poison shortages. The rat problem will be disposed of, the dye will be disposed of, and the corporations will be able to write off the loss as a charitable donation.

Anthony W. Riley
Carlo W. Tanzi
Ithaca, N.Y.

Oh, great. The same fine folks, Allied Chemical, who gave us Kepone, own the patent on Red No. 40.

(Mrs.) Diane Church
Los Angeles

Kepone's Kin

Your back-to-back articles on the Kepone poisoning incident and cancer risks [Feb. 2] are disturbing and frightening. The Kepone tragedy emphasizes the disgraceful manner in which we regulate and monitor hazardous chemicals. The burgeoning cancer problems reflect the terrible consequences of this sloppy system. Most are unaware that Kepone has a sibling named Mirex, which has been dumped onto vast areas of the Southeast for fire ant "eradication."

Mirex and Kepone are much more toxic than registration-labeling criteria indicate, because these criteria only require 24-hour mortality data, whereas the slow-acting poisons reach maximum toxicity in about two weeks.

There is cause for concern in the South, where the countryside is laced with a dangerous nerve poison that is going to be around for a long, long time.

Robert van den Bosch
Division Chairman and Professor
of Entomology
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

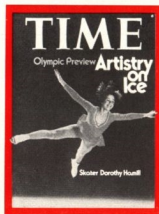
Sex and the Services

Ensign Berg [Feb. 2] "thinks he should be judged solely on ... his ability to keep his sex life separate."

Would you please ask the ensign how soon he wants us to stand up and applaud his "ability to keep his sex life" apart from his daily duties? I for one find nothing redeeming in this, as we all (or almost all) manage not to seduce each other during the work day.

June M.A. Titcomb
San Francisco

During the Korean War I once heard a discussion among a lieutenant colonel, a major, two captains and five lieutenants—all West Point men—at the Colonial Club in Tokyo. Mention was made of a warrant officer who had recently been "found out" and shipped home. One of the lieutenants remarked that no homosexual or bisexual would ever get through West Point. ... he would be discovered in short order and sent packing. As it happened, and unknown to him, all of the other officers present were in that category. Four were graduates in his class and all had placed



held at the Winter Carnival in St. Paul on Feb. 1, but most Midwest skaters entered with little practice.

Mary Maegli, Secretary
West Allis Speed Skating Club
Milwaukee

Isn't it interesting that the Russian hockey players accepted \$200,000 but still remain "amateurs" and will go to the Olympics?

Thomas Cobb, Jr.
Rome, Ga.

Finally, a major publication has pointed out the difficulties American amateur athletes have trying to compete with those who are fully or partly subsidized by their governments.

Now, can we interest our legislators in providing similar support for our young people?

Margery M. Bloom
New York City

Thanks for giving Dorothy Hamill the recognition she has long deserved. In the U.S., figure skaters, even the great ones (and we have many), seem relegated to obscurity—their accomplishments buried under other sports. Yet, Ameri-

higher than he. Two of the officers had been awarded the Silver Star and others held lesser decorations.

John Phillips
Los Angeles

Robeson's Problem

It was with deep regret that I read of the death of Paul Robeson [Feb. 2]. "My problem," he once said, "is not to counteract the white man's prejudice against the Negro. That does not matter. I have set myself to educate my brother to believe in himself."

John E. Mitchell
Sacramento, Calif.

Rita Undone

Rita Hayworth [Feb. 2] must have had her hair done by the guy who did mine last week.

Patty Elder Mayo
Newark, Del.

She is no longer public property. Why not concentrate on the Burtons?

Robert B. Watson
Los Angeles

Soldiers' Union

The military is the one place the unions do not belong [Feb. 2]. Who would want to depend on men in a war,

or at any other time, who might go on strike because conditions do not exactly suit them? The defense of the U.S. would be jeopardized.

Cadet Nicholas Coleman, U.S.A.F.
ROTC, Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

So the Government union leaders say "if soldiers won shorter hours at the bargaining table perhaps future wars would be shorter, too [Feb. 2]."

Do these jerks really believe that the armies of the U.S.S.R. and those of the Peoples Republic of China will really entertain the luxury of unions?

Meade A. Cole
Ajo, Ariz.

Wise and Foolish

Saturday Night [Feb. 2] is the most "living" thing since "living color" started. *SN* is sophomoric—from *sophos* (wise) and *moros* (foolish). It is wisely foolish and foolishly wise.

Richard K. Beebe
Litchfield, Conn.

The warped-left, hip-chic political philosophy written into *Saturday Night* is typical of the gulf between most Americans and the axis media-entertainment people.

Bill Davidson
Alamosa, Colo.

Knowing about *SN* does not say much about the social activity at Purdue (we use it as a study break), but the show in itself is one of NBC's better ideas.

Patricia Roth
West Lafayette, Ind.

As a result of one *SN* skit that was in poor taste, the president of the local NBC affiliate, after receiving calls, canceled this program. Many are now unable to decide for themselves what they should and should not watch. But do not fret, we in the Wichita area now have the pleasure of viewing old *Wagon Train* reruns. So eat your hearts out.

William Romenius
Derby, Kans.

SN? PU.

James B. Walsh
Oyster Bay Cove, N.Y.

Credit Due

In your otherwise well-written article on Mr. Boris Aronson [Jan. 26] this distinguished scenographer is given credit for designing *South Pacific*. It was designed by the undersigned.

Jo Mielziner
New York City

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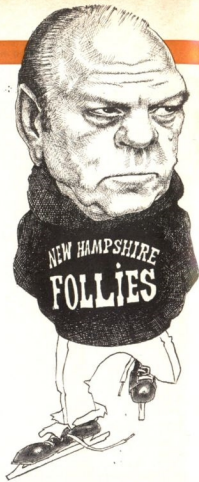
TIME



BIRCH BAYH



JIMMY CARTER



GERALD FORD

PRIMARIES

The First Face-Off

Once again, the din of the candidate's radio and TV spots is battering the ears of New Hampshire voters. Gerald Ford: "He is the only Republican who can win in November." Ronald Reagan: "He will provide the strong new leadership America needs." Jimmy Carter: "A calm voice in a sea of shouters." Mo Udall: "The Democrat for President." Birch Bayh: "It takes a good politician to make a good President." Which pitch will set this year's perhaps unprecedented numbers of undecided voters to humming the candidate's tune? First in New Hampshire next Tuesday, then a week later in Massachusetts and a week after that in Florida, the answers will be on the way.

As the voters of New Hampshire either patiently endure or perversely enjoy their brief quadrennial moment in the political sun, they will try to send the rest of the nation a message. Above all, the opening primary may provide the first solid evidence of which way the multitudes of "not sure" voters throughout the nation may jump when their own turn comes.

The race in both parties is wide open. President Ford, despite the advantages of incumbency, is generally considered the underdog by a slim margin to Reagan, who has never had to act on

issues transcending the borders of California. Yet canvassers report that half of the Republicans and independents whom they reach have not made up their minds. Indecision runs even higher on the Democratic side, where five major candidates and nine others jam the field. Some 60% of voters reached by the canvassers do not know—or will not say—how they will vote.

High Stakes. Further complicating the decision in New Hampshire is the fact that 140,000 voters are designated as independents and can vote with either Republicans (who have 164,000 registered) or the Democrats (116,000). In the polling booths, all voters not only can indicate their preference for President (the "beauty contest") but also choose from a bewildering array of delegates either "pledged to" or "favorable to" a candidate. Neither George Wallace nor Henry Jackson are entered in the preference race but anyone can be written in.

The personal stakes are high. This is particularly true for the unelected President. One of his campaign aides concedes they first ran an "essentially negative campaign" against Reagan, assailing his proposal to lop \$90 billion off the federal budget. But in his first campaign foray into New Hampshire

two weeks ago, Ford turned more positive and presidential. On his budget, for example, he demonstrated his impressive grasp of its complexities, although his speeches were unexciting.

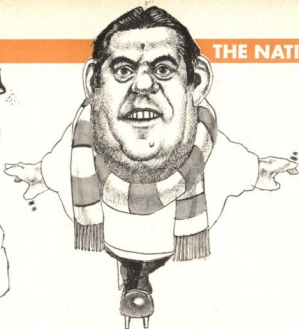
Ford has concentrated on some of the larger cities: Manchester, Nashua, Concord and the university town of Durham, counting on the publicity there to reach the more widely scattered Republicans. Though his advance men distributed 15,000 leaflets announcing his airport arrival time in Manchester, only 400 people showed up in the 10° cold to greet him. On a thawing Sunday, on the

The Fords' Finances

Gerald Ford last week released a personal financial accounting for himself and his wife Betty showing that their net worth had grown by \$67,000, to \$323,489, since he was nominated for Vice President in October 1973. Most of the rise came from increased valuations of their un-mortgaged houses in Alexandria, Va., and Vail, Colo. Their small stockholdings (135 shares of Central Telephone of Illinois and 72 shares of a mutual fund, Stein Roe & Farnham Balanced Fund) have fallen in the



RONALD REAGAN



FRED HARRIS



MO UDALL

other hand, Ford lured some 1,000 enthusiastic well-wishers to a cake and coffee reception in Concord. He won strong applause at the University of New Hampshire for his patient and controlled responses to the heckling questions of radicals.

Tirelessly working even the smallest of towns, Reagan has been generally successful with his flashing smile, flawless speech delivery (see box next page) and well-rehearsed responses to all of the expected questions. Last week he made a shaky major venture into foreign policy. He saw no "coherent glob-

al view" in U.S. policy, citing American diplomacy in Cyprus, Lebanon and Angola as confused and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger as unrealistic in expecting Congress to approve aid to Angola when the Administration had failed to explain why this was vital to U.S. national security. When Republican Governor Meldrim Thomson predicted last week that Reagan, whom he backs, would win more than 50% of the vote, other Reagan strategists insisted on lower estimates; part of the game, of course, is to underestimate the candidate's strength so anything better will look like a "victory."

Both candidates are employing banks of telephones and computerized voter lists. But Reagan, who signed up a campaign committee chairman in each of the state's 236 cities and towns by last December, seems to have an edge in reaching his quarry. "We do our politicking in the kitchen," explains Reagan Chairman Gerard Schacht of Effingham (pop. 338), who prefers neighborly persuasion over coffee to the ringing telephones that can turn voters off. At week's end, in Florida, Ford publicly expressed a view that aides said he had long held in private. Apparently to counter Reagan's tough stand on crime, the President told a Miami dinner of the South Florida Bar Association that he believed the death penalty should be imposed in the federal criminal system "upon conviction of sabotage, murder, espionage or treason."

Among the Democrats, the surprising Georgian, Jimmy Carter, seems in a tight race with Arizona Congressman Mo Udall. The pressure is heaviest on Udall, since Carter has already shown strength in early caucus states and could readily survive a loss in New Hampshire. But Udall has been throwing most of his efforts into his gamble for a New

Hampshire triumph. For more than a year he has been working the entire state, and he is the best-organized Democratic candidate. This week his canvassers will begin their third round of reaching the 35,000 Democratic households in the largest cities to make low-key, door-to-door efforts of persuasion.

Udall has had trouble stamping his identity on the voters. Full of quips at first, he seemed almost too casual to be taken seriously. Prodded by advice from party leaders and friends who know him well, he has turned scrappier, even more liberal (he would break up General Motors, as well as the big oil companies). Says one high national party official: "His organization is beginning to click and he's becoming his own man."

Old Values. Carter's quick smile and friendly style are proving more effective in encounters with voters. His lively yet unemotional speeches leave many convinced that he is whatever they wish him to be. Although she is a delegate candidate for Udall, New Hampshire Democratic Committee-woman Maria Carrier says of Carter: "His essence is that he was perceived as a conservative—old-fashioned values, family, patriotism, religion—and has also engaged some liberals. He is formidable here because he has the center to

past two years, to a value of \$3,942. The President holds only \$1,239 in bank accounts.

More to the political point, on a 1974 gross income of \$147,683.10, he paid \$62,281.20 in federal, state and local taxes, placing Ford among those who paid 42% of their income in taxes. This provides a partial contrast with Ronald Reagan, who has conceded that he paid no state income taxes at all in 1970 because of legitimate deductions for "investment losses." Reagan has promised to furnish a fuller explanation of his own financial situation soon.

THE NATION

the right side of the party all to himself."

Like Reagan, Carter emphasizes his non-Washington background—and the upstart, non-Establishment image seems popular in the state, as it may be elsewhere this year. A top party strategist says that if Carter wins in New Hampshire and runs impressively against George Wallace in Florida two weeks later, then "who's going to stop him? Only Humphrey can."

One other Democrat is given an outside chance to prove his candidacy in New Hampshire: Birch Bayh, the late-starting Indiana Senator. Agile and often charming as a personal campaigner ("Oh, he's so handsome," women often say), he hopes to get much support from organized labor. He will need it to compete with the clearly liberal

candidates: Bayh, Udall, Sargent Shriver, Fred Harris and in later primaries, Frank Church.

Perhaps unfairly, Bayh tends to attract more criticism than the other liberal candidates on some emotional issues. Because he presides over a Senate subcommittee that rejected proposed anti-abortion amendments to the Constitution, he is plagued by the aroused right-to-life advocates. He also suffers the agony of having a factory worker brush off his handshake with a gruff: "He wants to take my guns away." But he professes no overriding concern: "This campaign is like a marathon dance contest—it's not the hottest dancer in the first hour, it's who's still on his feet after 24 hours."

Other Democrats hope that New

Hampshire will prove its contrariness by pushing one of them to the front. Fiery Fred Harris, most liberal of the lot, has a following that will stick with him to the end, but he needs to show a broader appeal. Sargent Shriver, campaigning with zest and flair, is making the most of his Kennedy connections, hoping they will be enough to keep his candidacy alive.

Whether over coffee, by telephone, through broadcasts or by the candidates personally, the New Hampshire voter is being coaxed and cuddled. Just how he reacts may well influence the course of the 1976 election. Since the state began its beauty contest in 1952, no candidate has gone on to become President without first winning his party's primary in New Hampshire.

Reagan's Longest-Running Act

Every presidential candidate more or less repeats himself. Henry Jackson keeps saying the same things about busing and détente; Jimmy Carter talks about the need for love in government and about all the Georgia agencies that he reorganized when he was Governor; George Wallace rarely omits a reference to "pointy-headed bureaucrats" toting briefcases filled with peanut butter sandwiches. And Ronald Reagan gives essentially the same speech every time.

Honed over more than a decade of public life, the Reagan speech is no Gettysburg Address, but it lights up the audience. Sample warm-up joke: A man in traction in a hospital pays no attention to the visitor bending anxiously over him. Finally, the patient opens his eyes and explains in a discreet Irish brogue that he kept silent because he wanted to savor the moment: "It's been six months here since I've had a drink, and your breath is like the rain from heaven."

With a few laughs under his belt, Reagan launches his attack on Big Government. A favorite line is one he used in the Barry Goldwater campaign in 1964: "A Government bureau is the nearest thing to eternal life that we'll ever see on this earth." If all the paper churned out by the federal bureaucracy in a year were collected in one pile, he adds, it would be 4,500 feet long, 100 feet wide and 100 feet deep. Asks Reagan: "Wouldn't it make a great annual bonfire?"

He handles foreign affairs with a punchy line for each issue. Defense: We will suffer "the peace of the grave unless we are willing to say we will never be second to

any nation on earth in our ability to defend ourselves." Détente: Its major result for the U.S. has been the "acquisition of the right to sell Pepsi-Cola in Siberia." SALT: "The cruise missile: Will it be removed from our defensive arsenal to win a smile from those who continue to pledge and promise our destruction?"

Then it is back to federal bureaucracy. Too many businessmen, he complains, contribute to politicians in hopes of Government handouts: "This is feeding the crocodile in hopes he will eat you last, but eat you he will." As for school busing, he is against it, but he favors "periodically busing some of the bureaucrats in Washington out into the country to meet the real people."

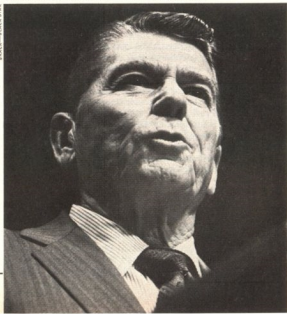
Reagan tends to end on the upbeat. America can be saved if people reject the siren call of socialism and return to free enterprise. If he is tipped that a for-

mer Viet Nam prisoner of war is in the audience—and sometimes even when one is not—Reagan pays tribute to the nation's P.O.W.s. After a straightforward, not to say prosaic delivery, there is a glimpse of the old actor. His voice lowered, his throat catching, but with conviction, he declares: "They are just simply the product of the greatest free system the world has ever known." The line usually brings down the house.

Statistics, quips, and anecdotes are all culled from a set of 4-in. by 5-in. cards that Reagan has been accumulating since his days as a spokesman for General Electric. It is a paper collection worthy of a Washington bureaucrat, but it is loaded with useful ammunition. Where else can a candidate find an attack on Congress by looking up the card labeled BISMARCK? As old blood and iron once remarked: "If you like laws and sausages, you should never watch either one being made." Another helpful line comes from Tolstoy. When deriding Big Government, Reagan cites the novelist's fable of the man who is given a lift on another man's back. The rider says he is willing to do anything to lighten his benefactor's load "except to get off his back."

Reagan chooses from the cards and shuffles around some lines, but the substance scarcely varies. He admits that repetition can be deadening. "Sometimes you have to work hard to overcome a tendency not to put enough work into it," he says. "You've got to crank up. It's the same as performing in a long-run stage play. You tell yourself: 'O.K., these people haven't heard this message.'" The question is whether the basic speech can make Reagan the leading man for a long run in the White House.

CANDIDATE REAGAN SPEAKING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



POLITICAL NOTES

Bentsen Out, Church In

In the muddled Democratic marathon, no candidate gained much ground as a result of last week's Oklahoma caucuses. At week's end, according to an unofficial tally, Jimmy Carter had 18.5% of the vote, followed by Fred Harris with 16.5%, Lloyd Bentsen with 12.5% and George Wallace with 10.5%; another 41% of the votes were uncommitted. Afterward, Texas Senator Bentsen looked hard at his bleak third place, which followed an even worse fourth place in Mississippi last month, and sensibly decided to pull out of the presidential race.

Particularly in Oklahoma, Bentsen had good organization, the support of some of the state's best-known politicians and plenty of money (nationwide he had spent more than \$2.4 million). But his campaigning lacked force and personality, and his banal statements on the issues apparently persuaded many Oklahoma voters that he was a weak candidate. Bentsen will stay in the May 1 Texas primary as a favorite-son candidate, chiefly to demonstrate his home-state strength as a vote getter and enhance his prospects for re-election this year to the Senate. Thus, even before the first primary, the Democrats have lost two of their eleven declared candidates: Bentsen and North Carolina's Terry Sanford, who quit last month.

But the party will pick up another candidate: Idaho's Frank Church, 51, who has won splashy headlines as chairman of the Senate committee investigating U.S. intelligence agencies. He plans to announce in early March. Last week his campaign committee sent flyers to 35,000 Democrats in an attempt to stop Hubert Humphrey, the undeclared possible compromise candidate. Said the message in part: "Democrats must not turn backward... The American people won't accept a warmed-over New Deal or a rerun of the Great Society."

Liberal Church plans to push an independent position that aides call "Jerry Brownism." It calls for decentralization of power and cutting out some "Mickey Mouse" federal programs. An adviser said that Church will follow "a late strategy—we watch the others beat the hell out of each other and spend themselves to death." Then Church will offer himself as an unbruised new face in the late primaries in Idaho, Oregon, Rhode Island, Montana and California.

Hugh & Pat & Bob & Arthur

New York Governor Hugh Carey is not talking in his political musclemen and personal pal, State Democratic Chairman Patrick Cunningham. This silent treatment bespeaks no lack of affection but is part of Carey's effort to rebut accusations of collusion to obstruct justice.



CAREY & CHAIRMAN CUNNINGHAM AT ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW "LIAISON" ARRANGEMENT



BENTSEN ANNOUNCING WITHDRAWAL
Third place does not count.

Just before Christmas Carey tried in vain to fire Special Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, a controversial Republican holdover (TIME, Jan. 5). Nadjari then disclosed that he had been investigating Cunningham on suspicion of peddling judgeships in exchange for payoffs. The special prosecutor in effect accused Carey of attempting to fire him in order to shield Cunningham. Now Cunningham is strenuously fighting a grand jury subpoena, and Carey has ordered an investigation into the allegation that he himself was covering up for the chairman. Meanwhile, the state Democratic Party's morale and fund raising are seriously sagging.

In such a mess, silence is golden. But it is also troublesome because Carey and Cunningham should be talking about all sorts of arrangements for the Democratic National Convention in New York City next July. So last week the Governor announced that Arthur Krim, the longtime party fund raiser who heads United Artists, would provide the "necessary liaison" for Carey, Cunningham and National Chairman Robert Strauss for the convention and other matters of mutual interest. That way, Hugh can rely on Arthur rather

than Pat to be his front man with Bob.

Carey's other troubles are growing. He still does not know how the state will borrow \$4 billion beginning in April for routine subsidies to local government, and though Carey led in saving New York City from bankruptcy, new doubts have arisen about the city's ability to carry out the long-range financial plan that is supposed to lead to a balanced budget by June 1978. When reminded last week of speculation that his chances for higher office are diminishing, Carey smiled and said, "That's welcome news. I have no intention of seeking national office." It was a sad smile.

SALT as Theology

While the debate over strategic arms limitation rages in Washington, a new simile is circulating within the Federal Government: SALT is like theology. It lends itself to scholarly debate about how many MIRVs can dance on the tip of an SS-19 Soviet missile. But in essence, SALT is a matter of faith; either one believes in reaching an arms agreement or one does not. Adherents consider themselves to be true believers and opponents to be fierce infidels; in between stand the skeptical agnostics. Right now the true believers are not exactly being fed to the lions, but they are losing substantial ground to what they see as an unholy alliance between the Defense Department strategists and some ambitious politicians.

A senior White House security adviser wonders if an agreement should be negotiated before the trend in the primary elections is clear. Says he: "In the period of the primaries, Ronald Reagan could say that President Ford sees himself slipping behind and that he sold out on SALT at too high a price, to keep détente alive. A SALT agreement during the primaries could be a liability." With that partly in mind, another top White House official, himself a true believer, now concedes that the chances of reaching a new SALT accord this year are "less than fifty-fifty."

TIME SOUNDINGS

The Mood: Dramatic Upturn

Americans are not nearly so opposed to Big Government and federal spending as the politicians presume. Nearly half the public, in fact, wants the Federal Government to finance more jobs and stronger social programs even if it means further unbalancing the budget. People are decidedly more cheerful about the economy and the future of the country than they were several months

Americans could see no end to inflation and felt generally that the country was in deep and serious trouble. Only 36% of those surveyed were optimistic about the way things were going at that time; today 46% are.

► The economic stress indicator, a measure of people really hurt by the economy—those having trouble meeting bills, mortgage and rent payments, fearful of losing their jobs or not being able to save for the future—has steadied at 31% (v. 30% last fall). It had risen to a high of 36% in June 1975 from its Soundings low of 23% in May 1974.

► The social resentment indicator—a measure of national alienation and public disgruntlement over such things as traditional values changing too fast—has dropped from 37% last September to 29%.

► The tide of social conservatism is still running strong. A majority of those polled, 55%, urge strongly that the death penalty be reinstated and, by a margin of 60% to 37%, they do not want marijuana smoking decriminalized. At the same time, however, the economic outlook of the majority of those surveyed is liberal, favoring continued Government spending and stronger social programs.

BIG GOVERNMENT

The public, Soundings finds, is not nearly as convinced as most presidential candidates seem to be that the Federal

ago. And the preference of voters—if the two parties' nominees are of equivalent stature—is strongly for a Democrat to be elected President. Nonetheless, President Ford has distinctly improved his standing in the past five months.

These are among the conclusions of the latest TIME Soundings, a quarterly national survey. Begun in May 1974, Soundings consists of political and social indicators that were developed for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., the Manhattan-based opinion-research firm. They are based on hundreds of questions. Soundings not only measures shifts in opinion but also monitors the underlying trends that produce sea changes in public attitudes. The results of this installment were based on telephone interviews in the last week in January with a national cross section of 1,002 Americans. Results of this survey have an error factor of plus or minus 3%; in estimating trends from one quarter to another, the error factor is plus or minus 4%.

THE TRENDS

In contrast to last September, when people were bitter and fearful about inflation and only a minority of the public found Gerald Ford an acceptable President, the latest survey reveals:

► The national mood has turned up dramatically. Last fall the majority of

Government should have less power and responsibility. The people split down the middle on the issue, 44% for Big Government and 42% against.

They are only a little more clearly divided on the issue of Government spending. By 48% to 40% they are in favor of putting more money into areas like housing, railroads, education and creating jobs instead of cutting back to achieve a balanced federal budget.

CLASSIFIED

Issue	Help Wanted—More Federal	Help Wanted—Less Federal	Help Wanted—More Federal	Help Wanted—Less Federal
Should the Government create jobs by spending for programs, or cut back on programs to try to balance the budget?	48%	40%	56%	36%
Balance the budget	40%	31%	55%	45%
Not sure	12%	13%	9%	10%

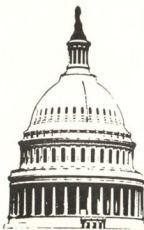
MORE JOBS

Those interviewed willingly, if unrealistically, endorse less Government spending so long as it does not deprive them personally of any federal help. When requested to itemize their own priorities, people offer a long list of expenditures that they desire—and, hardly a surprising outcome, a far briefer one of cuts. For example, they want more money spent on health care, by a margin of 66% to 4%; more on Social Security by 53% to 8%; more on education by 51% to 14%; more help for the poor by 51% to 15%; more funds for consumer protection by 44% to 12%; more for housing assistance by 42% to 17%; more for mass transit by 34% to 20%. On more money for defense spending they break evenly, 27% to 26%, with almost half of them undecided.

But, 61% to 5%, they are willing to cut foreign aid, reduce the salaries of Government workers (47% to 9%). Welfare continues to be an inflammatory and contradictory subject. At the same time that half of the voters want to spend additional money for the poor, they also want—46% to 17%—to spend less money on welfare recipients, whom they consider to be undeserving poor.

THE CANDIDATES

While the voters say, by a margin of 55% to 31%, that they are philosophically more disposed to pick a Democrat as President, they declare in



LESS BIG GOVERNMENT

	Total Public	Democrats	Republicans	Indep.
Should the Federal Government be more or less powerful?				
Less powerful	42%	35%	56%	53%
Stronger	44%	49%	33%	33%
Not sure	14%	16%	11%	14%

THE NATION

the same breath that Gerald Ford is more acceptable than any of the other announced candidates of either party. (Of course, that may change after the Democrats pick their nominee.) The economy's signs of substantial recovery have brought an improvement in the President's standing. Last September, Ford was acceptable to only 46% in TIME's sample; today 58% find him acceptable.

Ronald Reagan has surged forward since he became an active candidate, but not apace with Ford nationwide. In a Ford v. Reagan contest, Republicans and independents prefer the President 43% to 30%; another 22% are undecided, and 5% preferred neither.

On the Democratic side, no favorite candidate has emerged. The people who were polled saw Senator Hubert Humphrey as the man most likely to be nominated but not likely to beat Ford. When asked who on their long list of candidates had a good or fair chance of becoming their party's nominee, 74% of the registered Democrats listed Humphrey, 67% named Edward Kennedy, 60% Edmund Muskie, 57% Jimmy Carter, 56% Birch Bayh, 54% George Wallace and 52% Henry Jackson.

In a Ford v. Humphrey race, voters choose the President, 46% to 40% with 14% not sure. Reagan and Humphrey run dead even at 42% apiece, with 16% not sure.

Only 28% of those polled said that they are "very interested" in the primary campaigns. But the general election is quite another matter. Contrary to the assumption that American voters are in an apathetic mood this year, Soundings finds that 57% of registered voters say that they are "very interested" in the November election.



CANDIDATES

???



Voters preference if both candidates are of equal stature

	Total Registered Voters	Democrats	Republicans	Independents
Democratic	55%	77%	10%	34%
Republican	31	6	73	27
Not sure	14	17	17	39

INTELLIGENCE

Backlash over All those Leaks

"The issue has become how to keep secrets rather than how to preserve freedom," said Idaho Democrat Frank Church, the disheartened chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. Though exaggerated, Church's complaint reflected the growing gloom in Congress over the Senate and House investigations of the CIA, FBI and other U.S. undercover agencies. The probe has been discredited by the inability of many Congressmen and their staffers to keep a secret. Result: there is as much worry over leaks as there is over the abuses that were leaked.

The controversies grew more intense last week. Excerpts running to 21 pages from the supposedly secret report of the House Intelligence Committee staff appeared in New York's fulminant weekly *Village Voice* (see THE PRESS). Although the House had overruled the committee by 246 to 124 and banned publication of the report, most of it had been leaked previously to reporters (TIME, Feb. 9). Thus there was really nothing new in the published excerpts, except for some minor details to support the committee's charges.

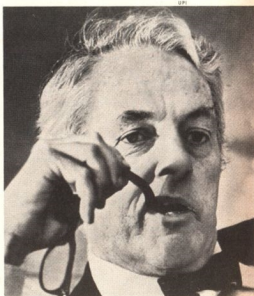
Fallen Down. The charges include now familiar allegations that the CIA has repeatedly fallen down on the job, that the agency should have been able to predict the 1968 Communist Tet offensive in South Viet Nam, the 1973 Middle East war and 1974 coups in Portugal and Cyprus. Further, the report contends that the CIA's covert operations are "irregularly approved, sloppily implemented and at times have been forced on a reluctant CIA by the President and his National Security Adviser," who until November was Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

Publication of the report outraged the Administration and Kissinger. He is censured by the report for having "a passion for secrecy" and issuing statements "at variance with facts." Already depressed and testy, Kissinger was at the outer limits of his self-control when asked at a press conference about the House committee's charges. He exploded, accusing the committee of misusing classified information "in a tendentious, misleading and totally irresponsible fashion [that] has already done damage to the foreign policy of the U.S." Kissinger charged the committee with practicing "a new version of McCarthyism" and called its report "a malicious lie."

Actually, the leaked report played right into the hands of the growing number of critics who argue that the investigations have weakened the needed secret agencies. The backlash over the leaks threw the congressional investigators fur-

ther on the defensive, just as both committees were winding up their probes. The weak and fumbling House committee, headed by zealous New York Congressman Otis Pike, disbanded last week, and Church's Senate panel, which has been less accident-prone, is to wind up by March 1. As a result, the Administration had an opportunity to push its own proposals for reform of U.S. intelligence agencies.

TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott reported that President Ford plans this week to set clear limits on the agencies' authority. For example, he will reaffirm the prohibition against domestic under-



PIKE JUST BEFORE HIS PANEL DISBANDED
Not much more sunshine on the CIA?

cover work by the CIA. Presidential Counselor John O. Marsh worked through the weekend polishing the President's reform program, but the broad outlines were set by Ford last week on the basis of five months of research by his staff. Ford intends to unveil measures that will preserve much of the agencies' structure but subject them to more Executive oversight and control. Highlights:

► He will give sweeping new investigative powers to the inspectors general in the major agencies—CIA, FBI, Defense Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency and the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. They will be charged with reporting abuses to a new oversight board that Ford will create in the Executive Branch. It will consist of a small number of distinguished citizens, perhaps only three or four, who will relay reports of abuses to Ford and the U.S. Attorney

General for disciplinary action or even prosecution. The board does not yet have a name. One aide suggested the Foreign Intelligence Board, but Ford smiled and said no because it would become known by its initials, FIB. Besides, the name would be too similar to that of the existing Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which serves primarily as a liaison between the intelligence community and private industry.

► He will order the 40 Committee, which reviews and approves the CIA's clandestine activities on the President's behalf, to meet more regularly and more formally. Until recently, the committee was run almost entirely by Kissinger, who often conducted business with other members by telephone. The committee's members now are mostly deputy department heads, but Ford is considering giving the body more clout by appointing full Cabinet members. In exchange for his strengthening the 40 Committee, Ford may ask Congress to repeal the 1974 law that requires him to tell several congressional subcommittees of all covert CIA operations and certify the need for them. Former CIA Director William Colby charges that Congressmen have disclosed every major covert operation reported to them under that law.

► He plans to recommend that Congress set up a single joint committee to oversee U.S. intelligence operations, rather than the separate House and Senate bodies that many Congressmen have proposed. The President will also urge Congress to make it a crime for a past or present employee of the secret agencies to disclose "the sources and methods" of intelligence gathering. The House and Senate already have rules prescribing penalties for Congressmen who leak secrets, but the rules have never been enforced.

Ford firmly rejects the more extreme proposals of congressional critics of the intelligence agencies. Among them are suggestions that a permanent special prosecutor be appointed to prosecute wrongdoing by undercover agents, that the intelligence budget be made public, and that Congress be permitted to exercise veto power over covert CIA operations before they are begun.

Indeed, support for all the more extreme proposals has been fast dwindling in Congress. In its final report, for instance, the Pike committee said only that such operations should be revealed to a proposed new House oversight committee "within 48 hours of initial approval." Voicing a widespread view, Democratic Representative William Hungate of Missouri says: "The tide is falling. The impetus for congressional oversight and sunshine on the CIA and the other agencies has pretty well died out." Thus many Congressmen seem ready to accept Ford's modest reform proposals as the best that can be salvaged from the wreckage of the congressional investigations.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

It's Good to Come Clean on Health

Never have Americans had such a detailed tour of the insides of a President as they got last week. They went right down Gerald Ford's alimentary canal, took side excursions through his heart ("no cardiomegaly or precordial lift") and around his liver ("12 cm. in the mid-clavicular line"), paused to contemplate his football knees ("nonpainful patellofemoral crepitation with pressure motion") and prodded other parts that are much more delicate.

The tour guide was Rear Admiral William Lukash, the President's genial doctor. His seven-page report covering Ford's annual physical was given out in all its glorious detail. Dr. Lukash had opposed release; Ford ordered it done. As a matter of fact, after one gets through Ford's postnasal drip and a severe cramp in his left calf, the report turns out to be one of the best documents recently issued from the White House. Ford is in bully health.

A lot of ribald jokes have swirled around town as the politicians pursued the facts from Ford's ocular fundi to his inguinal rings. Nothing is in the report, of course, about his intelligence or courage or compassion, qualities that finally mean more than anything else in leadership. Yet, after all the yukking is over, there is something reassuring in the knowledge that President and candidate is in such good physical shape. The link between how a President feels and how he decides is too direct to be taken lightly.



L.B.J. SHOWING GALL BLADDER-SURGERY SCAR (1965)

It was Dwight Eisenhower who first exposed his vital organs to public scrutiny. James Hagerty, Ike's press secretary, believes that if all those bits about pulse and blood pressure had not been put out when Ike had his heart attack in 1955, he might have lost the 1956 election. The nation was broadly educated for the first time about heart disease and concluded that 1) Ike had been honest with the people and 2) was able to continue in office once he recovered. However, when Ike was out with that heart attack, then ileitis, his Administration pretty much marked time. Some still insist that he never regained his interest in governing after his hospital stay for ileitis in 1956, and many of today's problems began

to incubate during that time of indifference.

Major illnesses have profoundly affected the presidency. The classic case in modern times concerns Franklin Roosevelt; he was too sick to run for a fourth term, and history would be different if he had not done so. But lesser afflictions have their effects too, though they are harder to detect.

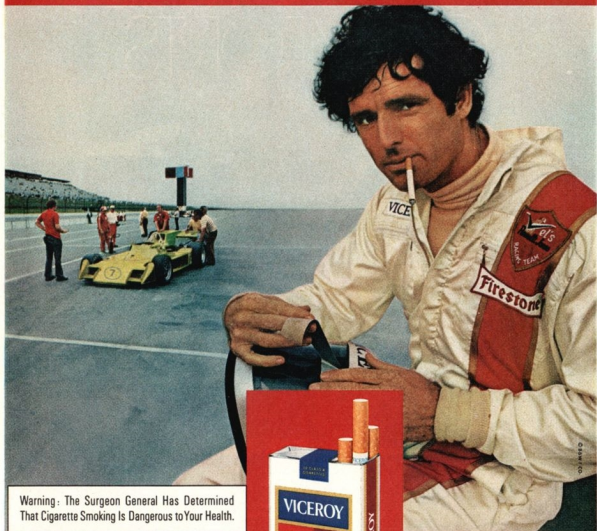
An ailing John Kennedy went to Vienna in 1961 to meet with Nikita Khrushchev. There is no direct evidence that the throb in J.F.K.'s back affected his ability to debate Khrushchev, but a few of his aides, who helped him in and out of hot baths, wondered about it. Kennedy knew the dangers of a weakened body. During the Cuban missile crisis, he insisted on his hour's nap and hot packs each afternoon, remarking that the worst thing he could do was to get too tired and lose his judgment.

How much did Lyndon Johnson's low physical state, which lasted for months following his gall-bladder operation in 1965, contribute to his leadership malaise? Considerably, says his former aide Bill Moyers. L.B.J. had times of depression, became mentally flat, got testy with his staff and angry at the press. His decisions about the Viet Nam War and how much to tell the people became distorted.

Richard Nixon constantly worried about his energy level and spent days resting himself for his big events. While Henry Kissinger insists that Nixon's lack of stamina never interfered with his decision making, others are not so sure. In Nixon's last year in office, the pressures of Watergate robbed him of his precious sleep, and we learn more and more about his fantasizing to startled Congressmen over his ability to start a nuclear war within minutes.

Disability does not necessarily foreshadow trouble in the presidency, any more than robustness assures success. But being of sound body at the start helps narrow the odds. Every candidate owes it to himself and the people to follow Ford's lead.

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smoke a boring cigarette."**



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ITS CREATURE
COMFORTS.



THE FOX BY AUDI

Every Fox has a cozy den for 5. You can stretch out in its fully reclining bucket seats, sink into its rich, velour upholstery and thick, pile carpeting. Yet for all its luxuries, the EPA estimated that the Fox got an economical 37 mpg on the highway, 24 in the city, with standard shift (your actual mpg may vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional extras). Luxury and economy in one car—you can't get foxier than that.

TRIALS

Patty's Terrifying Story

She arrived from jail shackled as though she were an accused murderer. Her manacled hands were chained to a heavy belt that was buckled tightly around her slim waist. But by the time she walked into the crowded courtroom, the chains had been removed and she looked harmless and vulnerable. The rather wan, unsmiling young woman bore little resemblance to the gum-chewing, self-professed revolutionary with the giddy grin of bravado who was arrested last September. Now, at long last, she took her place on the witness stand and sat demurely, just as she had been taught years ago. Her name, she told the hushed assembly, was "Patricia Campbell Hearst—H-e-a-r-s-t."

Waiting for this moment, crowds began lining up every morning hours before the trial began. Security was so tight that spectators had to pass through a metal detector before entering the teak-paneled courtroom. All were hypnotized by the now familiar question: Could an attractive Hearst heiress really willingly have joined her kidnapers, the tiny violent sect known as the Symbionese Liberation Army? And—as the Government charges—did she willingly help rob a branch of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco on April 15, 1974? Patty's defense, announced weeks ago by Attorney F. Lee Bailey (TIME cover, Feb. 16), was that she had been brainwashed. The central issue was once put succinctly by Federal Judge Oliver J. Carter, who is presiding over the trial in San Francisco: "Legally it boils down to a question of whether you believe her, and how much you believe her."

Patty, who will turn 22 this Friday, got her chance to make her story believable to the jury on the day her defense began. Weeping and straining for breath, she gave a horrifying account of her abduction by the S.L.A. from her apartment in Berkeley on Feb. 4, 1974. She said she was seized by William Harris, who was later to become her traveling companion, and Donald DeFreeze, the man known as "Cinque" and the self-styled field marshal of the group. A woman, Angela Atwood, held a pistol in her face. When Patty screamed, she was struck in the face with what she thought was a rifle butt, and she was bound, gagged and blindfolded. For a while, she lost consciousness. When she came to, she was being dragged down the stairs and thrust into the trunk of the getaway car.

"Bitch," Patty said DeFreeze growled at one point, "better be quiet, or we'll blow your head off."

After riding for an hour or two, Patty was taken into a building and, still blindfolded, placed in a small, confining chamber. For a moment she thought she was going to be buried alive. "I was really scared... I must have started to do something because right away... they told me it was a closet." DeFreeze said she was a "prisoner of war" in the revolutionary struggle of the S.L.A. with American society and that



DEFENDANT LEAVING THE COURTHOUSE

she would be safe as long as nothing happened to two members, Joseph Remiro and Russell Little, who had been jailed on charges of murdering Marcus Foster, Oakland's superintendent of schools. "If I tried to escape, I'd be killed," Patty said DeFreeze warned her. "If I made any noise, that I'd be beaten or else they'd hang me up from the ceiling. He said that they had cyanide bullets, and if I tried anything I'd be killed."

As Patty talked on, the five men and seven women on the jury turned their chairs in her direction and listened spellbound. Her parents—Randolph and Catherine Hearst—and her four sisters quietly followed her testimony. At one point a tear appeared on her mother's cheek. Patty described how four days after her capture, DeFreeze had forced her to make a tape that included the passage "Mom, Dad, I'm okay." DeFreeze had gone to the closet with a flashlight and a tape recorder and told her what to say.

Patty then recalled how DeFreeze had said some of the S.L.A. women felt that she had not been cooperating enough with the group. "He pinched me," she said.

"Where?" asked Bailey.

"My breasts and down..."

"Your private parts as well?"

"Yes."

At that point Patty was obviously distressed and Judge Carter recessed the trial. Bailey intends to call the defendant again this week to continue her story of her 19 months with the S.L.A. She is expected to elaborate on testimony that she gave earlier last week during some preliminaries. The procedure—a kind of trial within a trial—was caused by the plan of U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr. to introduce the famous tapes from Tania and an "interview" with Patty while on the run. Browning also wanted to call witnesses of events that occurred after the bank robbery. Bailey resisted strenuously, but Browning claimed such a presentation was necessary to give the jury a true impression of

Patty's state of mind the day she stalked into the bank carrying a sawed-off carbine.

To decide the issue, Judge Carter barred the jury and Patty got her first opportunity to tell her story to him. Led gently by Bailey, Patty explained away her bizarre conduct by insisting that she had been coerced by the S.L.A. from the moment she was kidnapped. At one point, she said, "I was put in a garbage can that was tied up and put in the trunk of the car." She related how she had been confined for "a month, month and a half" in a stifling closet. During part of this time she was bound and gagged.

On one of her tapes, Patty had said she was in love with "Cojo"—S.L.A. Member William Wolfe. But she told Bailey: "He assaulted me sexually..."

"Was he the only one?"

"No."

"Was it in the closet?"

"Yes."

William Harris had threatened her constantly and blackened her eye four times. (Harris and his wife Emily, who are awaiting trial in Los Angeles on a variety of charges, issued a statement saying that Patty "was never harmed in any way.")

At one point Bailey asked

FIGHTING BACK TEARS AS SHE TESTIFIES BEFORE CARTER



THE NATION



SKETCH OF PATTY RECORDING TAPE; PHOTO OF HER CLOSET CELL



his client if she could estimate the number of times that S.L.A. members had threatened to kill her if she did not cooperate. "Hundreds of times," she answered, brushing away a tear.

Because she feared for her life, Patty said, she had done anything the S.L.A. had asked. That was why she had made the tapes damning her parents as "pigs" and scoffing at the idea that she was brainwashed. That was also why—three months after her kidnaping—she had rescued the Harrises from a melee after a botched shoplifting venture at a Los Angeles sporting-goods store. She had leaned out of the window of the group's van and sprayed the building with a burst of shots from an automatic and a semi-automatic weapon. "If I had not done it and if they had been able to get away," said Patty, "they would have killed me."

Fear of the Harrises also explained her extraordinary conduct that evening when she and the Harrises briefly kidnaped Thomas D. Matthews, then a high school senior, while commandeering his 1969 Ford Econoline van. Put on the stand by Browning, Matthews recalled how the four had spent a surrealistic evening—cruising around for a while, going to see a drive-in double feature and then spending the night in the Hollywood hills. Matthews told how Patty had been so concerned about his welfare that she would frequently "pat me on the head and ask if I was all right." He told how expertly she handled her gun and how she had told him that she had willingly taken part in the bank robbery. And far from showing fear of the Harrises, said Matthews, Patty had told him that after she shot up the store, "it was a 'good feeling' to see the Harrises come across the street."

(There was no question that Patty could handle firearms. Asked to identify a carbine handed to her by Browning, she admitted it was the one that she had carried into the bank, and then, with the instincts of a Marine marksman, she opened the chamber to see if the gun were loaded.)

On the stand herself, Patty maintained that it was still fear of the Harrises that led her to join them after they had fled all the way to a secluded farmhouse in northeastern Pennsylvania. She said she had been driven across the country by Jack Scott, the left-wing former Oberlin athletics director, who is a caustic critic of the U.S. sports establishment. Patty told how Scott and the Harrises wanted to produce a book that "was supposed to be some kind of propaganda thing about the S.L.A., and what they had done, and how great they were." To appease the Harrises, Patty said that in the farmhouse she had taken part in an interview for the proposed book. The Harrises, she said, not only put the questions to her but also out-

lined suggested replies and then corrected her responses. In these "answers," Patty again condemned her parents as "pigs" and flatly denied that she had been brainwashed by the S.L.A. The FBI found the manuscript when Patty was captured.

In her "interview," Patty also was quoted by the Harrises as saying she had heard that the FBI wanted to kill her and blame the crime on the S.L.A. Then, with outraged public opinion on its side, the FBI presumably could have mounted a ruthless attack on all revolutionary groups.

Patty had many chances to escape. The Harrises had left her alone outside the sporting-goods store; Scott had occasionally left her alone while allegedly driving her back west; she and Wendy Yoshimura, another S.L.A. member, were actually living apart from the Harrises when the quartet was finally arrested. Browning asked Patty why she had not simply fled to a San Francisco police station and said, "I am Patricia Hearst. Protect me from the Harrises. You could have done it, could you not?"

"No."
"Why not?"

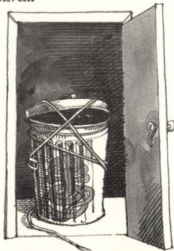
"I don't feel it was possible to do that."

"You thought notwithstanding that the Harrises were perhaps a mile away from you, that you could not do that, that they would somehow kill you if you did that?"

"They would or that the FBI would."

Patty claimed that her fear of the FBI had been reinforced when she learned that former U.S. Attorney General William Saxbe had in effect called her a "common criminal." Most alarming of all was the fact that FBI agents on May 17, 1974 stood by during the massive assault on the Los Angeles hideout of the S.L.A. that killed DeFreeze, Wolfe, Atwood and three other members. With the Harrises, Patty had watched the gun battle on TV in a nearby motel. To Patty, the attack was proof that the FBI would not hesitate to kill her. The agency's apparent callousness toward her caused her to fear for her life. She recalled: "The commentator said everyone believed I was in the house."

Summing up, Bailey argued against the submission of the tapes and the "interview"



STUFFED INTO A GARBAGE CAN



PATTY & THE HARRISES DRIVING OFF WITH MATTHEWS IN HIS VAN

because "she should not be convicted on the basis of statements forced from her." In reply, Browning charged that "everything this court has heard from Miss Hearst of coercion during 1½ years is not true."

Judge Carter needed a recess of only 20 minutes to make up his mind. He declared that despite all he had heard from her he could not believe Patty's claims that she had been coerced by the S.L.A. "I find," he said, "that the statements made by the defendant after the bank robbery, whether by tape, oral conversation or writing, were made voluntarily."

With that, Carter allowed the prosecution to enter everything.

The day after Carter's ruling, there was a brief stir in the courtroom when Randolph Hearst received a message and suddenly left. A bomb had badly damaged a luxurious guest house at San Simeon, where Publishing Tycoon William Randolph Hearst, the family patriarch, had built his private Xanadu. The castle, 250 miles south of San Francisco, is now owned by the state. A little-known terrorist group, the New World Liberation Front, announced that it had set off the violent blast. Unless the Hearsts contributed \$250,000 within 48 hours to the defense of the Harrises, warned the unit, the "Hearst castle will only be the beginning." The group also brazenly proclaimed that if Patty had been released on bail, "she would never have made it to her trial alive."

As he dealt with the shocks and complexities of the case, Judge Carter not only was relaxed on the bench but seemed to enjoy the proceedings. The enormous pressures had not changed his manner at all. Carter, 64, a longtime member of the political and social establishment in northern California, had known the Hearsts for years. He remembers when Patty was a little girl frolicking through the corridors of the mansion in suburban Hillsborough, where the family lived until recently. But Carter had seen no reason to disqualify himself from the case, telling the New York Times that their "money and power... falls off me like water off a duck's back."



HEARST AT TYPEWRITER WITH THE HARRISES

Carter kept genial control over Prosecutor Browning and Defender Bailey as they began their long-awaited duel. Browning, 43, had not tried a case in more than five years, preferring, as an administrator, to leave the courtroom work to his assistants. He professed to be unimpressed by the fact that he was facing one of the most famous and flamboyant criminal lawyers. "I've been up against good lawyers before," he said, "but unless you have the facts on your side, it doesn't mean much."

Pounding away at the facts, his voice rarely rising, Browning made his points in excruciating detail. The contrast with Bailey, 42, could not have been greater. They were even physical opposites: Browning, standing 6 ft. 1½ in., bustling around the courtroom and wrestling with charts; Bailey, 5 ft. 7½ in., moving with the assured air of a man who is convinced he is going to win. If Browning tended to be didactic, Bailey was dynamic, using his deep, vibrant

voice to rivet the jury's attention.

After Patty steps down, the heart of Bailey's defense will remain his insistence that she had been brainwashed into cooperating with the S.L.A. He will call a number of leading psychiatrists to support his thesis, and Browning, in reply, will rely upon his own authorities (see box). If, as expected, the specialists differ about what happened to Patty's mind, the jury of five men and seven women will face a difficult task. They will first have to decide which experts to believe before they can make the key decision of whether or not they believe Patty.

Is Brainwashing an Excuse?

"I am obviously alive and well. As far as being brainwashed, the idea is ridiculous to the point of being beyond belief."

—Patty Hearst on tape, April 1974

This week the prosecution will ask the jury to take Patty at her recorded word, but the defense will argue that her denial of brainwashing was itself a product of a powerful and pervasive mindbending. Expert witnesses for both sides will wrestle with a concept of coerced behavior that evokes memories of zombie-like American P.O.W.s and the Communist show trials in which psychologically conditioned defendants zealously confessed to crimes they could not possibly have committed.

FOR THE PROSECUTION:

► Harry L. Kozol, 69, a psychiatrist who is director of a treatment center in Bridgewater, Mass., for sexually dangerous people. He is a pioneer in forensic psychiatry, which explores the mental motivations in crime.

► Joel Fort, 46, a highly controversial San Francisco physician and criminologist who has served as an expert witness in more than 300 criminal trials, including those of Charles Manson, Timothy Leary and Lenny Bruce.

FOR THE DEFENSE:

► Dr. Louis J. West, 51, chairman of U.C.L.A.'s Department of Psychiatry, who has analyzed the methods of brainwashing and studied their effects on American P.O.W.s.

► Dr. Martin Orne, 48, University of Pennsylvania psychiatrist, expert in hypnosis and special states of consciousness.

► Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, 49, research psychiatrist at Yale and prolific author (*Revolutionary Immortality*). He interviewed hundreds of U.S. P.O.W.s after the Korean War and dozens of survivors of China's postrevolutionary indoctrination wave of *hsi nao* (literally, brainwashing).

Kozol angered Patty during a prison interview by suggesting that she engineered her own abduction. When called

to testify, he will probably try to cast doubt on her assertion that she was an unwilling convert to the S.L.A. cause. By contrast, Lifton believes young people are by far the most vulnerable to brainwashing. The profile that he has drawn of the most susceptible bears a striking resemblance to Patty: "Enormous aspiration toward social change and human brotherhood, which might be connected, under pressure, with various forms of individual guilt over the way one has lived one's life."

Other specialists queried by TIME are sharply divided. According to Brian Jenkins, a California expert on the behavior of hostages, Patty's conduct conforms perfectly to that of brainwashed and terrorized victims. As he has written, "The hostage is helpless, frightened, humiliated, virtually an infant. Under these circumstances, the hostage unconsciously begins to assimilate—and even imitate—the attitudes of his captors." But why did Patty not try to escape when she had the chance? "The answer is indoctrination," maintains Boston Attorney Lawrence O'Donnell, who has represented brainwashed P.O.W.s. "Once a person is sufficiently indoctrinated, there comes a time when the dog can be let off the leash—not too far—and then you pull him back again."

Until now, brainwashing has never held up as a successful plea in a federal court, though U.S. military tribunals have acquitted prisoners of war who claimed that they had been brainwashing victims. Richard Sprague, the Philadelphia prosecutor who won four first-degree murder convictions in the killing of United Mine Workers' union leader Jack Yablonski, warns: "It would really attack the fundamentals of criminal law, which holds an individual responsible for his actions. If this happens, you are going to be turning the criminal courtroom into a psychiatrist's couch." Georgetown University Law Professor Samuel Dash, the majority counsel for the Senate Watergate hearings, believes brainwashing falls "somewhere in-between" the two traditional legal defenses for felonies—inability to determine right from wrong and extreme duress—and does not quite qualify for acquittal under either of them.



JONAS SAVIMBI IN SILVA PÓRTO (BIÉ)



UNITA SUPPORTERS FLEEING HUAMBO BEFORE M.P.L.A. ADVANCE

THE WORLD

ANGOLA

An Easy Rout—and an Olive Branch

After a decisive five-day military blitz, the Soviet-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) last week triumphantly announced that it had won the seven-month-old Angolan civil war. In a Luanda interview with the Yugoslav news agency Tanjug, President Agostinho Neto held out an olive branch to former members of the two Western-backed opposition forces, the National Union for the Total Liberation of An-

gola (UNITA) and the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.). They would have "no problem" under his government, he insisted. But he offered virtually no hope for a conciliatory settlement with UNITA Leader Jonas Savimbi or the F.N.L.A.'s Holden Roberto. Said Neto: "We regret being forced by the treason perpetrated by [these] leaders to take steps in order to prevent new cases of slaughter, murder and unreasonable destruction of human life."

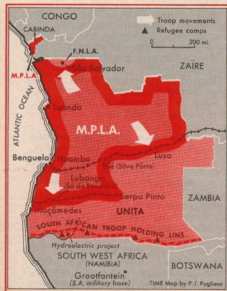
Defeat Conceded. Neither Savimbi nor Roberto had any response to Neto's victory claims. But UNITA Foreign Affairs Secretary Jorge Sampaio, in a statement from the Zambian capital of Lusaka, acknowledged that UNITA had been defeated on the field of battle. He vowed to fight on, however, and said that UNITA was already organizing guerrilla-warfare cells throughout southern Angola. But barring a direct confrontation of the M.P.L.A. and its battle-hardened Cubans with some 5,000 South African regulars dug in around the Cunene River hydroelectric complex just inside Angola, large-scale fighting appeared to be over. At week's end the M.P.L.A. was in control of all but a sparsely populated desert area in the south and a single pocket in the north (see map).

The rout began early last week when M.P.L.A. units overran Huambo (pop. 65,000), Angola's second largest city and the provisional capital of the F.N.L.A.-UNITA government. Despite UNITA claims that it had mounted a tough fight, Savimbi's forces had actually evacuated

the city several hours before the M.P.L.A. entered it, possibly to avoid civilian casualties in an armed confrontation. A day later, Luanda radio announced the "glorious capture" of the key Atlantic ports of Lobito and Benguela, which with the capture of the east central Angolan town of Luso late in the week gave the M.P.L.A. full control of the strategic Benguela Railway, which spans Angola from the Atlantic to the Zaire border. The M.P.L.A. then drove eastward to take Silva Pórtio (now renamed Bié), site of UNITA's military headquarters. Meanwhile, M.P.L.A. units in the north easily defeated a motley force of mercenaries (see following story) and F.N.L.A. troops at the Congo River port of Santo Antonio do Zaire. They were also closing in on São Salvador, the F.N.L.A.'s last remaining stronghold.

The M.P.L.A.'s southern column, supported by Soviet T-34 tanks and helicopter gunships and spearheaded by Cubans, then rolled 200 miles beyond Huambo without opposition. The column occupied the major southern city of Sá da Bandeira (renamed Lubango), the Atlantic port of Moçamedes, and a potential UNITA fallback headquarters at Serpa Pinto, putting them within 150 miles of the South West Africa border and the South African defense line.

UNITA was said to be carrying out a desperate contingency plan—tearing up the Benguela rails and burying them in order to delay the M.P.L.A. from putting the railroad back in operation. That scheme would not only hamper Angola's economic recovery but also inflict



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THE WORLD

more punishment on Zambia and Zaïre. Both countries have been strong UNITA supporters and depend heavily on the railroad for copper exports.

Equally worrisome was the fate of thousands of civilians who fled before the M.P.L.A. advance. Some 80,000 refugees were heading south, threatening to overrun four camps South Africa maintains just inside Angola, already crowded with 12,000 earlier refugees. Last week the United Nations refused to give South Africa money to deal with the additional flood, but the Red Cross promised an airlift of blankets, tents and medicine.

The rout of UNITA raised the ominous prospect of a border war between the combined M.P.L.A.-Cuban forces and the South Africans, who have now withdrawn to a 1,000-mile-long strip stretching up to 35 miles deep inside Angola. British Foreign Secretary James Callaghan warned late last week that the world faces the prospect of a "terrible war in southern Africa" unless urgent action is taken to prevent it. The most acute danger, he indicated, would be "hot pursuit" by the Cubans into South West Africa, following a successful fire-fight with the South African troops in the border area.

Diplomatic Coup. South African Defense Minister Pieter W. Botha insisted that his troops could hold their own against the M.P.L.A.'s powerful Soviet weaponry. Significantly, Botha did not rule out the possibility of "an understanding" with the Luanda government. The South Africans are anxious to avoid a battle around the \$300 million Cunene complex, in which they have heavily invested. The project, which is scheduled to begin producing power next year, is the key to industrial and agricultural development of the disputed territory of South West Africa (also known as Namibia). Under the original plan for Cunene, which was drawn up when Portugal ruled, relatively little of the power was intended for Angola. South African officials now say that project plans could easily be modified to benefit southern Angola.

At the height of its triumphal victory march last week, the M.P.L.A. also scored a notable diplomatic coup when the Organization of African Unity recognized Neto's regime as Angola's sole legitimate government. Uganda President Idi Amin, who is chairman of the O.A.U., praised the move shortly after his own country became the 26th member of the organization to recognize the M.P.L.A. Last month an O.A.U. summit meeting in Addis Ababa was deadlocked 22 to 22 on the question of recognizing the M.P.L.A. It now seems probable that Portugal, which transferred power jointly to the three liberation movements under the Alvor agreement last year, will also recognize Neto's government. At week's end there were predictions that Britain and France were also considering recognition.

Mercenaries: 'A Bloody Shambles'

African mercenaries: the very term is redolent of Bondish machismo memories. "Mad Mike" Hoare and his swaggering Fifth Commando punishing the ragtag Congolese army during the 1965 Katanga rebellion. Or perhaps Frederick Forsyth's dirty dozen in *The Days of War*, liberating the fictional kingdom of Zangaro from a maniacal, Soviet-backed African dictator—for a price.

The image apparently lives on. Since the start of Angola's civil war, hundreds of men from Britain, France, Portugal, South Africa and the U.S. have signed on to serve with the pro-Western forces. As of last week, perhaps 300 mercenaries were fighting with the hard-pressed F.N.L.A. forces in northern Angola, and an estimated 1,000 more, plus 2,500 Portuguese-Angolan volunteers, with UNITA troops in the south.

RECRUITER JOHN BANKS



"COLONEL CALLAN" WITH F.N.L.A. TROOPS



But the romantic dream of glory that many of them had before going to Angola is not reality—at least according to the bitter tales told by British "mercs" who have escaped from this singularly unglamorous war. "The whole thing is a gigantic con trick," complained a burly ex-R.A.F. sergeant named Tom Chambers, who recently returned to London from Angola. "The mercenary force is a bloody shambles."

Grim Story. Chambers' specific complaints were of obsolete arms, poor food, no pay and no discipline on the part of the beleaguered F.N.L.A. forces. Last week, though, other returning British mercenaries told a far grimmer story—of comrades who had been summarily executed by their own leaders. According to Scotland Yard, who questioned the mercenaries on their return, a notorious F.N.L.A. mercenary known as "Colonel Callan" ordered 14 men to be shot after accusing them of "cowardice in the face of the enemy" when they asked to be sent home. "Callan," upon investigation, proved to be Costas Georgiou, 25, a Greek-Cypriot immigrant and former British paratrooper who had been cashiered from the service for robbing a post office. After being released from prison last year, Georgiou went to Angola, where he wound up in command of the F.N.L.A. mercenary forces.

The returning mercs said that "Callan" had shot one man himself, and then ordered his sergeant major, Sammy Copeland, to execute the others. The men were loaded into a truck, driven out into the countryside, ordered to strip, and then machine-gunned by Copeland. "The men knew their time had come," said Mike McKeown, 23. "My pals

WOUNDED MERCENARY RETURNING TO LONDON



THE WORLD

leaped out of the truck and dashed across a field, looking for cover in the tall grass. The boys who went down like cattle were my mates. There was Dave, Pete, Jock and a couple of Taffles [Welshmen], all smashing lads."

Copeland, who had served in Britain's Parachute Regiment, was ordered court-martialed by F.N.I.A. Leader Holden Roberto, and shot by a firing squad. "Callan" reportedly escaped and hid out in the bush, nursing a leg wound. The British mercenaries called him "completely ruthless" and a "homicidal maniac." They said he spent much of his time shooting black tribesmen just for fun.

Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson last week said the recruitment of mercenaries—with "vast sums" of money and accurate lists of British military units—was a potential threat to democratic government. Wilson refused to say who he thought was responsible, but some believed he was referring to the CIA. More direct charges of CIA involvement came from one John Banks, who until last week had been recruiting for a fly-by-night mercenary hiring agency called Security Advisory Services. Banks named Lawrence Katz, an attaché in the American embassy in London, as the "link man"; Katz denied the charge, saying he was a narcotics enforcement officer. In Washington, a spokesman for the CIA said the charges of its involvement in hiring mercenaries were "essentially false."

Hefty Payroll. The standard mercenary contract offered in London was \$300 a week for 26 weeks. For 500 men, that would run to almost \$4 million—not including transportation, weapons, room and board. In Africa, it was taken for granted that some government was picking up this hefty payroll—and most of the money paid out has been in fresh-from-the-printer American currency, normally still in the wrappers and bound together in sequential serialization. Reported TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs last week: "There are more big-denomination U.S. bills floating around Kinshasa's black market than ever before, and mercenary sources there insist the money is coming from the U.S. via Zaire President Mobutu Sese Seko." Nonetheless, some greenhorn mercenaries who managed to make it back to Britain reported that they had yet to receive a dime.

Despite the discouraging reports, mercenary recruitment continues in full swing in Johannesburg, which will probably become the new staging center for the war if Mobutu makes good on his threat to halt mercenaries passing through Kinshasa. In New York, Roy Innis, head of the Congress of Racial Equality, said that his organization will send 300 black American "combat medics" to help the faltering U.S.-backed forces—the vanguard of a contingent of 1,000 men who will go to Angola "to establish military parity."

How Much Has Angola Hurt the U.S.?

President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger have bitterly attacked Congress' ban on funds for the pro-Western forces in Angola. The administration argues that the nation's foreign policy may be so weakened by arbitrary congressional interference that the U.S. could lose the ability to inspire trust—and, when necessary, fear—in the rest of the world. "It cannot be in the interests of the United States," said Kissinger at a press conference last week, "to create the impression that in times of crisis, either threats or promises of the United States may not mean anything because our divisions may paralyze us."

These warnings are reminiscent of Administration pleas in early 1975 for last-ditch aid to failing anti-Communist governments in Saigon and Phnom-

penh. Potential Soviet client states, beefed up with Russian military and economic aid, might be tempted to interfere in the domestic affairs of their neighbors—with or without Moscow's approval. Zambia is already concerned about subversion by the M.P.L.A. regime in Luanda. Kenya and Ethiopia are afraid that Somalia, a major recipient of Moscow's largesse, might try to revive its longtime dream of a "greater Somalia" by pushing its territorial claims into southern Ethiopia and northeastern Kenya, where many ethnic Somalis live. The Nairobi government also fears that Soviet aid to Uganda might inspire its volatile President Idi Amin to push a corridor to the Indian Ocean—through Kenya.

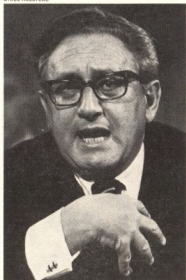
U.S. ambassadors in Africa have tried to reassure moderate leaders, but doubts remain that Washington would do much to help them resist aggression by ambitious Soviet clients. Says one moderate African President: "American credibility is now suspect. If the Soviets were blatantly to try to subvert my country tomorrow, I'd think we might get sympathetic, clucking noises out of Washington, but not much else."

Closest Allies. In Europe and Israel, most diplomats and government leaders do not seem to be worried about America's specific military commitment to its closest allies. But Belgium's Defense Minister recently warned that the Continent "can no longer satisfy itself by trusting the Americans." The Europeans agree with Kissinger that the conflict between Congress and the White House could lead to a paralysis of American foreign policy and even to a kind of indecisive neo-isolationism. Washington's lack of resolve might affect even such primary commitments as NATO or U.S. troop strength in Europe.

French, British and West German experts generally agree, however, that Angola lies outside the realm of vital Western interests, and they question whether Luanda's Marxist President Agostinho Neto will be a subservient Russian client. By and large, the Western Europeans criticize Washington for clumsily backing a sure loser—the corrupt, inept and unpopular F.N.I.A. leader Holden Roberto—and for alienating moderate Africans by not protesting South Africa's intervention in the war.

The real issue, say many Europeans, is not that Washington lacks the will to resist Communism but that it never had a strong African policy. Asserts one French official: "You can't build an African policy in a few weeks and with a few hundred million dollars. When the Russians targeted Angola, the U.S. simply wasn't there." But, adds this diplomat, "Kissinger must know that a Soviet success means only that the Kremlin has scored a point in Africa. The West can even things up by scoring a point elsewhere."


DIRK HALSTED



KISSINGER AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Will the divisions paralyze us?

Penh. In the *Wall Street Journal* last week, Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., charged the Administration with unnecessary hyperbole and suspect logic. "I strongly doubt," he argued, "that anyone in the Soviet Union is concluding today that... the Senate's action on Angola gives Moscow a blank check for foreign adventures."

The U.S. failure to back the anti-Communist forces in Angola surely casts some doubt on American strength and resolve—but how seriously? World reaction is divided, and opinion depends on proximity to the war-torn former Portuguese territory. In Africa, a number of moderate black leaders—as well as South Africa's Prime Minister John Vorster—are clearly anguished. In general, the moderates are less concerned about direct Russian influence and bases in Angola than about the prospect that po-



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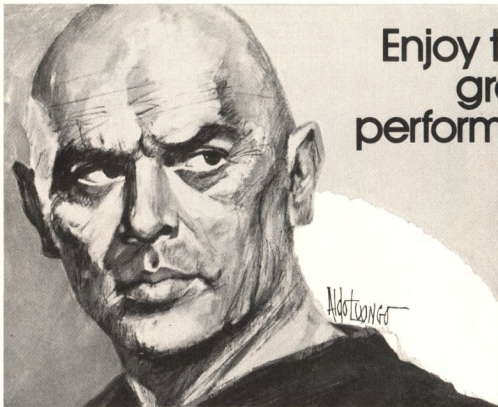
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THRILL TO PALM SPRINGS FROM THE AERIAL TRAM



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"IT'S A SONY."

CUBA

Castro's Globetrotting Gurkhas

"The M.P.L.A. did not score a military victory [in Angola]," said Henry Kissinger at a Washington press conference last week. "Cuba scored a military victory, backed by the Soviet Union." On the eve of a nine-day, six-nation visit to Latin America, the Secretary of State implicitly raised a question that is bound to be asked at every stop along the way: What is the meaning—and the potential danger—of Cuba's armed intervention in Angola?

Havana's African display of military prowess disturbs many Latin American leaders, including some who had only recently argued that the danger of subversion from Havana was over. Venezuela, for example, led a fight within the Organization of American States to drop hemispheric sanctions against Havana. Now President Carlos Andrés Pérez frets over reports of several hundred Cuban soldiers in nearby Guyana, a socialist state with which Venezuela for many years had a border dispute.

The Cuban menace extends well beyond Latin America. Havana's most visible presence, of course, is in Angola, where 12,000 Cuban troops are serving the Marxist government in Luanda. The Cubans have been responsible for most of the M.P.L.A. victories, but at some cost. There are estimates that 300 have been killed and 1,400 wounded; at least 100 have been taken prisoner. Such losses may have an impact at home, where only within the past month have Cubans been formally told by Premier Fidel Castro what their men have been doing for nearly a year.

Much of the fighting force was airlifted, despite some notable logistical handicaps. Initially, Cuban planes refueled for the long transatlantic flight at Barbados, but the U.S. pressured that island's government to stop such military flights. The Portuguese government eventually refused to let the Cubans refuel in the Azores. Meanwhile, Ottawa has been mildly embarrassed by reports that Cuban planes landing to refuel at Gander Airport in Newfoundland are ferrying home the dead and wounded from Angola. While Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has stressed that Gander is not being used as a Cuban "staging point," Canadian officials have not gone aboard the planes to learn if the stories are true.

Special Forces. More than 2,000 Cubans are on loan to African nations other than Angola. Troops provided by Havana form part of President Sékou Touré's bodyguard in Guinea. Cuban bureaucrats supervise government operations in both Equatorial Guinea and Somalia. In Tanzania, 500 Cubans are reportedly training guerrillas to harass the Rhodesian government. In the Congo (Brazzaville), 150 others form a rear

echelon for Angola; in Guinea-Bissau, says a grateful government spokesman, "they showed us how to make the terrain work for us and against the Portuguese."

Cubans are also active in a number of Arab states. They train *Polisario* guerrillas from Western Sahara in Algeria. In South Yemen, there are more than 3,000 advisers and special forces, including MIG-flying pilots. By far the largest detachment is in Syria: 3,500 to 4,000 men, including an entire armored brigade (with 94 Russian T-62 tanks), two commando battalions, perhaps 30 or more MIG pilots.

Radical Hosts. One disturbing aspect of the Cuban presence is the vast amount of military hardware that the Soviets have been sending to Syria. Some intelligence experts believe the weaponry is far in excess of what Syria could possibly use in another war with Israel. Thus, these experts contend, Syria has become a sort of stockpile from which Soviet planes, guns or tanks can be drawn for service in trouble spots like Angola. The Cubans go along to man the equipment. U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Daniel P. Moynihan recently described them as "the Gurkhas of the Russian empire," a reference to the fierce Nepalese soldiers who for long moved about the world to fight on Britain's behalf.

Havana's overseas forces—as well as its Middle Eastern and African intelligence operations, handled by Section V of the *Dirección General de Inteligencia*, Cuba's CIA—are under the stern control of Raúl Castro, Fidel's younger brother and the country's defense minister. The Cubans are still eager to export their brand of Marxism, but they no longer attempt to create a revolutionary atmosphere, as Che Guevara



CUBAN DEFENSE MINISTER RAÚL CASTRO
Disturbing mobility.

tried unsuccessfully during the late '50s and '60s in the Congo (now Zaire), the Dominican Republic, Panama and finally Bolivia, where he died. The new Cuban strategy seems to be to take advantage of revolutionary conditions already created by friendly, radical host governments.

The obvious question is where will they move next. Latin American leaders are convinced that some of Havana's troops will soon be helping their revolutionary brothers much closer to home. One possible target could be Peru, which already has a left-wing military junta. Cuba maintains a mysteriously large embassy staff in Lima, and the foresighted Cubans are training Peruvian pilots at San Antonio de los Baños and Yuri Gagarin air bases outside Havana—just in case Lima decides to buy some MIGs from Moscow. Peru, in one scenario, could even be the springboard for a new Gurkha maneuver all the way along South America's west coast.

NEPALESE GURKHA IN LONDON (1953)



MARCHING CUBAN SOLDIERS





RUSHING QUAKE VICTIM TO AID STATION



INOCULATING SURVIVOR AGAINST TETANUS
DISTRIBUTING FOOD IN CHIMALTENANGO



GUATEMALA

Death in the Tragic Triangle

GUATEMALA EN PIE (Guatemala is on its feet) read hand-lettered placards taped to newly installed plate-glass windows in Guatemala City shops and restaurants last week. That was an exaggeration, but the country had at least risen to its knees and was fighting to recover from one of the most destructive earthquakes ever to hit the Western Hemisphere (TIME, Feb. 16). Last week the terrible toll continued to climb as new victims were found—nearly 19,000 dead, 66,000 wounded, at least 1,000,000 homeless.* Amid the miasma of death, new clouds of dust rose from 800 smaller aftershocks that continued to frighten the country; nonetheless, Guatemalans cleared away rubble to make way for rebuilding. Optimists even talked about a revival of the lucrative tourist trade, which provides Guatemala with \$85 million a year in foreign exchange.

Cooked Beans. Surveys indicated that the tremor had devastated a tragic triangle of 2,700 sq. mi., extending from Sigüalá in the south and Gualán in the northeast, above the so-called Motagua Fault (see box). Even as dazed survivors stumbled out of the wreckage of 40 towns and villages, massive aid ap-

peared. The first relief came from Guatemalans whose towns had been spared and who reached out to help. In the highlands village of Patzún, which had been almost totally leveled, a truck bearing tortillas and beans appeared; it had been sent from the town of Santiago Atitlán, 70 miles away. The trip had taken seven hours as the travelers picked their way carefully around landslides. But Mayor Pedro Sosof Mesías, who led the expedition, proudly explained that the beans "are already cooked and ready to be eaten. We had to help."

Relief also came from more than 20 nations—including Nicaragua, where only three years ago another earthquake devastated Managua, the capital, killing 10,000. The U.S. organized an airlift, carrying everything from water tanks and tents to a fully staffed 100-bed field hospital. Private agencies and church groups also volunteered aid.

Guatemala's towns will eventually come back to life, but hundreds of thousands of survivors will be forever scarred by memories of the terror. At the U.S. military hospital set up near Chimaltenango, TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich vainly tried to comfort a weeping Indian girl; she cried not from the pain of a broken leg but because no one could tell her what had happened to her family. Hundreds of corpses were

*Considering Guatemala's modest (6 million) population, comparable quake damage in the U.S. would have killed 672,000 people and left 37 million homeless.

The Earthquake: A Battle of Plates

Even as Guatemala was struggling to recover from its awesome earthquake, geophysicists were trying to determine its cause. Their explanation: a battle between the gigantic plates that make up the lithosphere, or crust of the earth (TIME cover, Sept. 1).

Geophysicists theorize that these plates move like rafts on the partially molten material that surrounds the earth's liquid core. Most earthquakes take place where the plates meet and

either slide past or dive beneath a series of quakes—and volcanic eruptions—in Central America are caused by the movement of the Cocos Plate, a section of the Pacific floor that tends to move northeastward and slides beneath Central America at a deep oceanic trench just off its west coast (see map).

The Guatemala quake appears to have been caused by the movement of



THE WORLD

hastily buried in mass graves; some names were recorded but other bodies were interred with the briefest of notations, such as: "Found in Guatemala City Zone 5, was wearing red dress, had one gold tooth."

Many victims in the town of San Martín Jilotepeque had been interred in shallow graves that were clawed open by hungry dogs. As a result, loose dogs in the area were being shot on sight.

Crumbled Adobe. Those who could least afford to rebuild their lives and homes were hardest hit. Most hotels, office buildings and homes in upper-class neighborhoods in Guatemala City survived. Ever since a 1917 earthquake that destroyed the city, such buildings have been designed with shocks in mind. The heaviest damage and most of the casualties occurred in country villages where crumbling adobe walls dropped heavy tile roofs on sleeping victims. The highland Indians were stunned at how easily their homes had disintegrated. "We need wood," said one who had saved his family of six but lost his house. "We cannot build of adobe again. It is of earth and it is our coffin."

Others died in wood and tin shantytowns on Guatemala City's outskirts. Even as the tremors subsided, the shanty dwellers clung resolutely to the rubble, shivering in the cold night air. They had little choice—the land actually belonged to the municipality and since they had no title, the only recourse was to claim it again as squatters, once bulldozers had swept away the debris.

the two plates opposite the Cocos—the northern portion of the Americas Plate, which carries Mexico, the U.S. and Canada and generally moves in a westerly direction, and the Caribbean Plate, which carries part of Central and South America and moves toward the east, relative to its neighbor. This movement is slow, perhaps no more than 1½ in. a year. But the strains created as these two huge masses slide against each other are enormous. For at least 200 years, there has been no major movement where the plates meet in Guatemala. Two weeks ago, with a titanic jolt, the Americas Plate slipped to the left, moving as much as 3 ft. westward along a rupture of more than 90 miles.

The break occurred along a generally east-west line known as the Motagua Fault and measured 7.5 on the Richter seismological scale (the 1972 quake that leveled much of Managua, Nicaragua measured 6.3). The sudden movement may have answered a question that has been bothering geophysicists for years. Earth scientists have never been sure just where the Guatemalan section of the boundary between the North American and Caribbean plates lies. Now they have an idea.

CHINA

Seizing Hold of the Foxtails

Once again, China seems to be embroiled in a power struggle between its ideological factions. One week after the unexpected appointment of the relatively unknown Hua Kuo-feng as the country's acting Premier (TIME, Feb. 16), leftists in Peking's leadership launched a violent attack on their "rightist" enemies. The radicals' rhetorical onslaught, if it continues to grow, could upset the plans for a smooth leadership succession carefully worked out by Chou En-lai before his death last month.

The principal target of the radicals' campaign was First Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, the man most Sinologists had believed would succeed Chou as Premier. Last week a series of wall posters appeared at Peking University, as well as universities in Shanghai and Wuhan. The posters, mentioning no names, virulently attacked "an old capitalist roader," as well as "people who say ideology is not important and the only thing that matters is economic progress." The references were clear. Teng had been denounced as a "capitalist roader" during the Cultural Revolution, and he is known to be a man committed to a pragmatism in economic development. Foreigners were allowed to inspect the posters in Peking—proof that this was not an isolated and unapproved campaign. Some students even said explicitly that Teng was the target.

Violent Polemic. That was not all. Shortly after Hua's appointment, *People's Daily* published its most violent polemic in years—an attack on the large group of bureaucrats, Teng chief among them, who had been restored to power since their disgrace during the Cultural Revolution. "Before it is too late," urged the editorial, "go and tear down their masks, arrest the black hands that have attacked the proletariat, and seize hold of the tails of these foxes who push for the restoration of capitalism."

Despite the blunt language of these polemics, it was too early to say whether China was on the verge of another drastic revolutionary upheaval. One snippet of evidence: Richard Nixon's visit to Peking later this month—commemorating the fourth anniversary of the Peking summit that inaugurated an era of Sino-American détente—had not been canceled. In welcoming the former President, Peking seemed to be rebuking the present Administration in Washington for failing to take a harder line against China's revisionist enemies in Moscow. Nonetheless, the visit affirmed the importance that Peking continues to attach to its relations with the U.S.—as well as to the moderate foreign policy forged by Chou En-lai.

The renewed radical campaign also does not necessarily mean that the wily, tough Teng Hsiao-p'ing is finished. Ob-

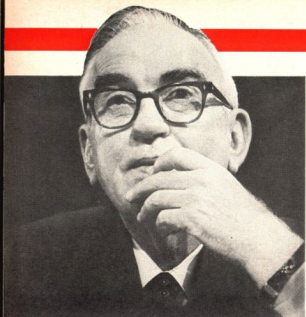
viously his chances of becoming Premier are dim at best; but he still holds more top posts than any other official in China—First Vice Premier of the government, Vice Chairman of the Communist Party and Chief of Staff of the Army. It is possible that Teng and the rehabilitated bureaucrats now under attack have the strength to withstand any radical effort to oust them from their positions. A majority of China's powerful regional military commanders are believed to have good relations with Teng. Sinologists were betting that the army would back him and the moderates if it came to a showdown. Moreover, previous leftist



VICE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-P'ING
"An old capitalist roader."

campaigns during the past three years—none of them so serious as the current one—fizzled out when the moderates proved able to hold their ground. Late last week, hints of the counterattack by Teng's group could be found in radio broadcasts from China emphasizing "party leadership" and "unity," code words for anti-radical policies.

Still, last week's offensive was ominous, coming as it did so soon after the death of the moderate pragmatist Chou En-lai. At the very least, the new radical attack raised serious questions about China's ability to transfer power smoothly to new leaders. Certainly, the biggest immediate test facing inexperienced acting Premier Hua will be keeping Peking's quarrelsome factions at peace. Moreover, the biggest test of all—managing the world's most populous country after the death of its feeble 82-year-old Chairman—is yet to come.



FORMER LOCKHEED CHAIRMAN HAUGHTON TESTIFYING IN SENATE



SCANDALS/COVER STORIES

THE BIG

The unending flow of disclosures of corporate bribes and illegal political contributions to officials in the U.S. and abroad has spread a darkening stain over the global reputation of American business. Throughout the revelations of the past 18 months, however, there was one minor consolation: reports of rampant payoffs by Exxon, Gulf, Mobil, Northrop, United Brands and other corporate giants had not directly implicated any major world leaders. Most under-the-table payments abroad had apparently gone to shadowy intermediaries, lower- or middle-level government officials, or chiefs of small developing countries that had never been known for political purity. But last week the scandal exploded into the highest policy levels in Europe and Japan, shaking the governments of important U.S. allies. Said Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "The implications for the stability of other countries could be extremely serious."

They could indeed. The new revelations, forced out by a Senate subcommittee headed by Idaho Democrat Frank Church, named those in high places who got some of the \$22 million to \$24 million that Lockheed Aircraft Corp. has said it paid to spur sales of its aircraft overseas. The major repercussions:

- In The Netherlands, the government publicly identified Prince Bernhard, husband of Queen Juliana, as the "high Dutch official" to whom Lockheed had admitted funneling a total of \$1.1 million between 1961 and 1972. The prince, who is a director of Fokker Aircraft Co. and KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, denied having received any Lockheed bribes; the Dutch Cabinet hastily appointed a special commission to investigate. Should the charges against Bernhard be proved true, his wife may be forced to abdicate as Queen—rocking the Dutch nation, where the monarchy is extremely popular.

- In Japan, elections that had been expected this spring will almost surely be postponed until at least the fall while the ruling Liberal Democratic Party tries to repair the damage to its public image caused by revelations that Lockheed bribes in Japan totaled \$12.6 million. Some \$7 million went to Yoshio Kodama, a founder and onetime major bankroller of the party; the payments coincided with unexpected purchases in 1960 of Lockheed F-104 Starfighters by the Japanese government and the ordering in 1972 of six Lockheed TriStar jetliners by All Nippon Airways. The Japanese Diet will hold hearings on the affair this week; opposition politicians are demanding that Kakuei Tanaka, who was Prime Minister at the time of the TriStar buy, be called for questioning.

- In West Germany, officials waited anxiously to see if the Church subcommittee will, as rumored, release documents this

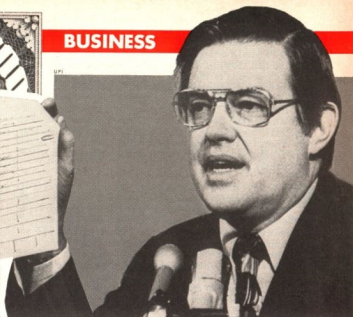
week indicating that Franz Josef Strauss and the Christian Social Union got Lockheed money. Strauss, the longtime right-wing strongman and leader of Bavaria's C.S.U., has been identified by Ernest F. Hauser, a former Lockheed European sales manager, as a receiver of Lockheed largesse; Strauss is suing Hauser for libel. When Strauss was Defense Minister in 1958, West Germany decided to order Starfighters—grimly known as "widow makers" in Germany because 178 of them have crashed.

- In Italy, Luigi Gui lost his job as Minister of the Interior. He had been Defense Minister in 1970, when the Italian government bought 14 C-130 transports from Lockheed for \$60 million despite protests from opposition politicians that Italian-made planes were just as effective and cost less. Now a Lockheed memo, made public by the Church subcommittee, discloses that in 1970 the company paid \$2.2 million to Italian agents, who passed on "more than 85%" of it to government officials. The reason, according to Lockheed Vice Chairman and Chief Operating Officer Carl Kotchian: "An Italian Senator" told a Lockheed consultant that unless the payments were made, no Lockheed planes would be bought. Normally, Gui would have been included in the new Cabinet named last week by Prime Minister Aldo Moro to end a five-week government crisis; he was left out at his own request so that he can try to clear his name. Whether he can do so or not, the scandal will hardly help the shaky Christian Democratic Cabinet maintain itself against the growing political power of the Communist Party.

- In Colombia, the government is investigating references in Lockheed records that indicate that at least two air force generals falsified the country's defense needs in return for Lockheed commissions that the Church subcommittee calculated to total \$200,000. The references are contained in a letter written in 1968 by a Lockheed agent in Bogotá to Lockheed's Georgia office when Colombia was ready to buy a third Lockheed Hercules transport for about \$2 million. The agent assured his superiors that even though the Colombian military budget was being cut, the air force officers could "justify the true necessity for more equipment in order to guarantee the national security." Then he added: "Just between you and me, this is not exactly true



BUSINESS



DEMOCRAT CHURCH DISPLAYING LOCKHEED DOCUMENTS

PAYOFF

—as you can imagine—but the important point for us is that they [the generals] want sugar [a common term for payoffs], and for that they are ready to do almost anything." If that is true, the scheme would tend to bear out one of the ugliest suspicions of business critics: corporate bribery encourages poor nations to spend cash on military equipment they do not really need.

Along with these revelations came some less grave—but still nasty—ones. In Hong Kong, Cathay Pacific Airways fired its director of flight operations, E.B. ("Bernie") Smith. Only two weeks ago, he was pictured in four-color ads in U.S. magazines, describing Lockheed's Super-TriStar as "the most intelligent aircraft I've ever flown." But Cathay Pacific found that Smith was the official identified in Church subcommittee documents as receiving \$80,000 in Lockheed money from an "unidentified British agent living in France." He got the payment for helping Lockheed sell planes to other lines.

In the U.S., too, the damning Lockheed revelations have touched off profound repercussions. Says a Church subcommittee staffer: "This is the first time this thing is being taken seriously at the White House, the Treasury and the Federal Reserve. People are saying, 'Oh my God, we can't let it go on.'"

He is right. President Ford last week expressed "deep concern about the payoff revelations" and ordered a review, possibly by a Cabinet-level committee, of bribery and other improper activities by U.S. companies overseas. Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson let it be known he would be happy to head the probe.

Just what can be done to the offending companies is uncertain because the legal situation is murky. U.S. law draws a sharp distinction between domestic and foreign political use of corporate money. Within the U.S., donations to politicians from a corporate treasury are clear-cut crimes—even though more than a dozen companies have confessed to engaging in such activities. But even outright bribery of foreign officials does not violate any U.S. law. It may break the laws of the countries where the bribes are passed, but some of those countries are lax in enforcing their own legal codes. Concealment of foreign payoffs on the books of a U.S. corporation violates the reporting require-

ments of the Securities and Exchange Commission; the penalties usually are no more than public disclosure of what payments have been made.

The White House has let it be known, however, that the President, after the review he has ordered, may consider disqualifying companies that give foreign bribes from bidding on federal contracts—an act that could spell bankruptcy for some defense contractors. Treasury Secretary William Simon last week pledged to make sure that companies do not treat bribes as honest business expenses, deductible from their taxable profits. He ordered the Internal Revenue Service to intensify and broaden its antibribery campaign.

For example, to ensure that all payments are listed and bona fide, IRS examiners are taking much more trouble in sifting the records of companies thought to be concealing or mislabeling questionable foreign payments. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns would go even further. He called last week for a new statute under which an overseas bribe would be "treated as a criminal violation."

The turmoil overseas and in Washington is endangering Lockheed's survival—with important consequences for the economies of California and Georgia, where Lockheed is a major employer, and the national defense, since Lockheed is the nation's No. 1 defense contractor. The giant company (estimated 1975 sales: \$3.25 billion) was saved from bankruptcy in 1971 by the Government's guarantee to repay \$250 million in private bank loans. But the General Accounting Office, which conducts audits for Congress, has expressed doubt that Lockheed can repay the loans on schedule by 1978—and the Government is unlikely to extend the guarantee. Burns, who serves on a Government board that oversees the loans (Simon is another member), declared last week that the original guarantee was a mistake.

One reason for the GAO's doubt that Lockheed can repay its loans on time is that civilian sales of the TriStar are lagging because of the recession: the company did not book a single order last year. Another reason is that Lockheed is counting heavily on continued large foreign sales of military equipment—and the publicity about its bribery can only hurt. The Japanese Government last week dropped tentative plans to buy \$650 million worth of Lockheed's long-range, low-altitude P-3C Orion planes, which are capable of detecting and destroying submarines. Indeed, the Japanese are having second thoughts about buying 110 to 120 new fighters, costing \$10 million to \$20 million each, from another American company—either General Dynamics, Grumman or McDonnell Douglas. At

week's end the scandal cost Kotchian and Lockheed Chairman Daniel J. Haughton their jobs. Lockheed's 15 directors assembled for a special meeting called by Haughton; a few grumbled beforehand that they had not been kept fully informed of the potential dimensions of the bribery revelations. By the time the meeting began, Haughton and Kotchian had drafted a letter, addressed to all Lockheed employees, announcing their resignation. It referred to "the cascading waves of criticism and outright attack that Lockheed and its management have been subjected to" and called for "a new standard of international business conduct." Haughton had been scheduled to retire on his 65th birthday in September, but Kotchian, 61, might have been expected to succeed him.

For a short period, Lockheed will be headed by Robert W. Haack, former president of the New York Stock Exchange, who was named chairman pro tem. He will share power in a new "office of the chief executive" with two other officials: Roy Anderson, vice chairman for finance and administration, and Lawrence O. Kitchen, president. While briefly in charge, Haack said, his top priority will be to refinance Lockheed's debt, now about \$600 million. That may be difficult; Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin is planning to introduce legislation demanding a speedup in Lockheed's repayment of the Government-guaranteed portion of its debt.

The revelations about Lockheed and other U.S. corporations caught up in the bribery scandals have their roots in the Watergate debacle. During its investigation of corporate handouts to President Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign, the Watergate special prosecution force found that some companies were keeping their auditors as well as their stockholders in the dark about the nature and purpose of large payments overseas. Subsequent probes by the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Church subcommittee and the IRS have uncovered case after case of payments of corporate money to U.S. politicians, to foreign officials, or often to both.

Many more companies could be scarred by scandal before the investigations are finished. One company now under suspicion is Boeing, which supplies more than half of the commercial airliners flown in the non-Communist world. The SEC last week disclosed that it is investigating Boeing for possible bribery, kickbacks and illegal political contributions, and filed suit to compel the planemaker to hand over its records.

Over the weekend, Tenneco Inc., told the SEC that it had paid \$12 million to attorneys, advisers, consultants and agents in 24 foreign countries. The company said that two payments totaling \$10,000 to an official of an unnamed government "were improperly described on the books of the company and may have been improperly deducted for U.S. income tax purposes." Tenneco also acknowledged making contributions to candidates in Louisiana that violated state law. Meanwhile, there were reports that the Venezuelan Government was investigating bribes paid by Occidental Petroleum to local officials.

What surprises many U.S. businessmen who have any knowledge of overseas markets is that the bribery revelations have so shocked Congress and the public. True, the Lockheed case has stunned even the most worldly executives—but more because of the size and clumsiness of the bribery, the prominence of the receivers and the potential damage to friendly governments than because of the fact of the payoffs. On a less monumental scale, these managers assert, *dash, baksheesh, pots de vin, la mordida*—in a word, bribery—is an ancient and accepted practice, necessary in many countries to get any business done.

The chairman of a Chicago-based multinational company, for example, condemns Lockheed for going beyond accepted practice in its payoffs, but then adds that there is a "gray area" in which American companies must accept the moral standards of the countries where they operate, like it or not. His own company, he reports, is now negotiating a contract in an Arab country to which it will add 5% for an agent's fee. The chairman knows quite well that the agent will pass much of the money on to government officials, but will not be told their names and will

A Record of Corporate Corruption



The record of U.S. corporations indulging in bribes, kickbacks and political payoffs is already voluminous; yet it is sure to swell. The Securities and Exchange Commission is now investigating at least 54 major U.S. companies. The Internal Revenue Service is probing others. Here are the results so far:

During the Watergate investigations, a total of 17 companies confessed to making corporate contributions to help re-elect President Nixon. Why would they knowingly break the law? Some had much to gain or lose from federal action regardless of who won the election; many made corporate donations to the Democrats as well. Northrop Corp., which admitted a \$150,000 donation to the Nixon campaign, is a major defense contractor. Three oil companies—Gulf, Phillips and Ashland—gave \$100,000 each to Nixon; their industry is under political attack. American Airlines (\$55,000) and Braniff Airways (\$40,000) are dependent on federal regulators. But there were also companies among the 17 that had no obvious self-interest. Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing, makers of Scotch tape and other products, gave Nixon \$30,000. Said former Chairman William L. Mc-

Knight: "I don't know that 3M did anything different than a great many other corporations."

The penalties were light. The Watergate Special Prosecutor's Office meted out tiny fines—usually \$5,000 for the guilty corporation and \$1,000 for the top officer—and closed its books. But the SEC, fearing that the political contributions had violated reporting rules, promptly reopened all the cases. It discovered several slush funds.

Gulf Oil, for example, used a Bahamas subsidiary to "launder" \$12.3 million used for political purposes. The 3M Co. set up a Swiss bank account for the same purpose. Nor were the big multinationals the only influence seekers. Sanitas Service Corp., a Connecticut-based firm with 1975 sales of \$83 million, passed \$1.2 million to local politicians through a dummy concern founded by a former officer.

The SEC has demanded that the offenders promise to stop violating U.S. securities laws by concealing illegal contributions in their reports to the SEC and the public. Most companies let the matter drop at that point. Some exceptions: Ashland Oil chose to make Chairman Orrin Atkins and two other executives

not ask. If the payments were not made, he says, the company would not get the contract. In effect, the company—like many others—is being subjected to extortion.

Payoffs in about the 5% range appear to be standard in many countries. Edwin Schwartz, a Lockheed agent in Colombia, once wrote matter-of-factly to the U.S. company that "4% or 5% is usually needed to consummate transactions in the price range of Lockheed products. A number of people involved not only in making decisions to buy but also in the financing approvals, import licenses, contract negotiations, etc., etc., expect part of the pie."

The attitude that bribery is acceptable where it is customary seems to be widespread in American business. Recently, Pitney-Bowes Chairman Fred T. Allen commissioned Opinion Research Corp. to poll upper- and middle-level corporate managers on whether they believed bribes should be paid to officials in foreign countries where such practices are standard. A surprising 48% said yes. A survey of 73 senior international executives, announced last week by the Conference Board, an independent business research organization, came up with exactly the same finding. Three-quarters of the executives said their companies had been asked to pay bribes, and 25% added that the demands are a serious problem in their industries.

Of course, many American companies do succeed overseas without making extraordinary payments—beyond, perhaps, a tip to a customs official to get an executive's household furniture cleared for delivery. Indeed, most American businessmen overseas run their operations pretty much as they do in the U.S.: they work through commission merchants and sell their goods to private concerns on the basis of price and efficiency. Such firms come in all sizes, from tiny to giant. IBM, Xerox, W.R. Grace and Phelps Dodge,

among others, are widely known for refusing to make payoffs.

Yet for many U.S. companies, the pressure to pay bribes overseas is intense. For one thing, the stakes are enormous. Foreign sales—by export or overseas manufacturing—account for around 20% of U.S. corporate profits and support roughly 8 million jobs at home. For many companies, foreign business is both crucial and vulnerable. The most flagrant payoffs have been made by oil companies and aircraft and weapons makers. The oil companies are especially vulnerable to unfavorable government action—expropriation, revocation of drilling concessions, tax increases, price control. The aircraft makers do not have a steady flow of sales for standard products; their prosperity for years to come may depend on bagging a single big contract for new planes.

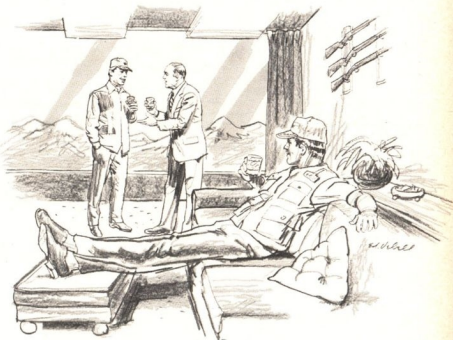
In negotiating those contracts, American companies are in a bruising competition with foreign corporations that have no inhibitions about bribery. British Labor M.P. John Stonehouse, a former Minister of Aviation, asserts: "There is not a single British company selling capital equipment, military or civilian, to areas like the Middle East and Latin America that has not made payments of special commissions over and above the ordinary commercial limit. These sums range from 2½% to 10% of the purchase price." Although Stonehouse is currently awaiting trial on charges of fraud, he has long experience assisting in the sale of British weapons, and his observations are widely believed.

In testimony before the Church subcommittee, Lockheed's Carl Kottchian reported that the company had lost a contract in The Netherlands (of all places) to a French concern. Republican Senator Charles Percy from Illinois asked: "Was the French plane superior or did they pay more [in bribes]?" Kottchian's an-

pay the company \$325,000 from their own pockets, and 3M got several officers, including former Chairman Bert Cross and Harry Heltzer, to give back \$480,000. Thomas V. Jones resigned as chairman of Northrop and is supposed to be replaced as president no later than June 16; after that, he may—or may not—stay on as chief executive. Gulf fired Chairman Bob R. Dorsey, even though his degree of knowledge of the slush fund was not proved.

When it discovers questionable payments overseas, the SEC orders an auditors' investigation of how much was paid where and to whom. Investigators have found that Northrop distributed a staggering \$30 million to foreign agents. Some U.S. corporations were embarrassed by publicity about their contributions even in nations where the laws condone such gifts. IBM, Mobil and Standard Oil of Indiana, among others, made legal donations in Canada and Italy. Exxon contributed at least \$46 million to Italian politicians, some of it in return for specific favors.

Until the Lockheed revelations, the payoff with the most explosive consequences was United Brands' 1974 payment of a \$1.25 million bribe to a high official in Honduras to reduce an export tax on bananas. The bribe was uncovered by an SEC investigation into the suicide of United Chairman Eli Black,



MILITARY OFFICERS ACCEPTING CORPORATE HOSPITALITY AT HUNTING LODGE

who swung his briefcase to smash a hole in a window of his office on the 44th floor of New York City's Pan Am Building and then jumped to his death. The disclosure helped bring on a Honduran coup that overthrew the government of President Oswaldo López Arellano.

Other scandals are still emerging or growing. It is not known yet exactly how many U.S. military officers and high-ranking Pentagon civilians accepted the hospitality of Northrop and other de-

fense contractors at hunting lodges; the current count is 101. Some highly principled companies are investigating their overseas activities on their own. G.D. Searle, the pharmaceutical firm, last month announced that it had discovered payments of \$1.3 million to "foreign government employees or their agents." While the making of such voluntary disclosures is admirable, it intensifies a troubling question: When will the scandals ever end?

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swer: "In my opinion, it was the latter." That, Kotchian indicated, was one reason why Lockheed paid some \$2 million in Italy in 1970 to land a contract for C-130 transports: the company was determined not to lose out in that country too.

Unlike their American competitors, foreign firms are rarely exposed by their governments for making payoffs. For example, in the '60s, a West German arms maker, Heckler & Koch, managed to elbow out a Belgian rival for an army-rifle contract in Colombia by paying a tribute of \$200,000 to the committee of officers who approved the weapon. The rifles have proved extremely unpopular with the troops because they are difficult to maintain and not very efficient. But not a whisper of criticism has been raised in Germany. Last week in Amsterdam, an agent of the French planemaker Dassault went on trial charged with trying to bribe two members of the Dutch Parliament in an attempt to sell the company's Mirage jet. The prosecutor at week's end asked for his acquittal on the ground of insufficient evidence. The case has caused barely a ripple in France.

Competition alone, however, does not explain the pervasiveness of payoffs abroad. Another factor is that so many officials at almost every level are on the take. Part of the reason is that in many parts of the world, notably the Middle East, Asia and Africa, a true market system based on the price and quality of goods has never existed. Instead, commerce is carried on through intricate webs of associations and social connections that are lubricated by many forms of tribute, including money.

Even in a nation as advanced as Japan, there is a bewildering and deeply rooted system of extramarket arrangements that shape and guide the way that business is done. One of these is the custom of *On*, which requires that all favors be repaid, often in the form of cash. Not only are there no moral qualms about such payments but failure to make them could result in a loss of face. Asked why Lockheed had made its lavish payments to Political Manipulator Kodama, Kotchian replied that the Japanese political-industrial establishment is extremely tightly knit

Of Envelopes and Packing Crates

After a corporation has agreed to make a payoff, the problem arises of how to transfer the money. Speed and secrecy are the obvious requirements for such exchanges, but sometimes the methods are astonishingly unsble. Part of the \$7 million paid by Lockheed to Yoshio Kodama, the company's secret agent in Japan, arrived in yen-filled packing crates. Some of the rest was passed a bit more discreetly, in the form of checks made out to "bearer." Still, Kodama signed receipts for the equivalent of \$2 million, and translations of the receipts were among documents given to a Senate subcommittee by Lockheed's auditors, Arthur Young & Co.

The most popular vehicle for relatively small payoffs is the envelope. In Italy, *bustarelle*, or "little envelopes" containing lire for favors rendered, are quietly left on government officials' desks. In the U.S., Gulf Oil passed out many of its political contributions in sealed envelopes. Gulf Lobbyist Frederick Myers testified to the Securities

and Exchange Commission that in 1964 he handed one envelope to New Mexico Republican Senator Edwin L. Mechem, now a federal judge, at a ranch outside Albuquerque. In 1970, Myers said, he flew to Indianapolis to present another envelope to Republican Representative Richard L. Roudebush, now head of the Veterans Administration, in a men's room at a Holiday Inn.

The "black account" is another favorite device. The term refers to money kept in a foreign safe-deposit box and doled out as the need arises. According to one U.S. executive in Latin America, the amount of cash in the box is usually kept small—\$50,000 at the most—to avoid detection by auditors, and there are no receipts, no official records. Sometimes, though, the amounts are much larger. Lockheed's auditors discovered that payments ranging up to \$130,000 had been made from a safe-deposit box in Paris at the discretion of company officials. The fund was not carried on Lockheed's books until mid-1975, when what remained of the cash turned up in a Lockheed checking account.

For the big money, the delivery systems are less direct and personal. The preferred method is still the numbered Swiss bank account. It can be used by the company making payoffs as an anonymous distribution point, or company agents can set up Swiss accounts for the receivers.

An SEC investigation disclosed that Phillips Petroleum Co. went so far as to establish two Swiss corporations into which it channeled a total of \$2.8 million. A bit less than half of that was then withdrawn and transferred to a cash fund at the company's Oklahoma



KODAMA OPENS CASE OF YEN PAID TO HIM BY LOCKHEED

headquarters. By the time the Government caught on, \$585,000 had been paid out in political contributions in the U.S., most of it in violation of the laws. The other half of the "laundered" Swiss money was spent overseas on payoffs and attorneys' fees for the Swiss corporations.

Other methods of concealing payoffs can go undetected for a long time. A foreign subsidiary of Burroughs Corp., the Detroit-based computer company, tacked payoffs onto sales prices and distributed some \$2 million through the use of fictitious invoices. Burroughs headquarters found out about the payoffs after a Price Waterhouse audit that company chiefs ordered last year. The company will not say what officials or countries were involved. In their annual report, Burroughs officials allude to the payoffs and say that the company is taking "vigorous steps to reinforce its longstanding policy against such actions."

MYERS DELIVERS MONEY IN MEN'S ROOM



and Lockheed had to have someone in it speaking for the company in order to win any contracts.

Another reason U.S. firms are forced to do business amid a cluster of outstretched palms is that in many developing countries all Western (and even Japanese) companies are regarded as neo-imperialists, out to extract all they can from the land and its labor. Such a view overlooks the modernizing benefits such firms can bring to the Third World and considers it almost patriotic to nick foreign companies for as much as possible. Beyond all that, however, much of the bribery that goes on overseas is nothing more than a reflection of the rapacious greed of those in positions of power.

Bribery, in fact, greases all kinds of transactions, from getting a minor import license to selling a fleet of aircraft. An American ambassador in an Arab country asks rhetorically: "You don't think Arab governments equip their armed forces on the basis of sophisticated flypasts or comparative field trials, do you?"

Sometimes the demands for payoffs are presented directly and bluntly. A classic example occurred in 1970 in South Korea, where Gulf Oil has a \$300 million investment in refineries and chemical plants. The late S.K. Kim, a power in the ruling Democratic Republican Party, called in Bob Dorsey, then Gulf president, who was visiting Korea. According to Dorsey, Kim "dived right into the matter and told me that we were doing exceedingly well out there and that basically, our continued prosperity depended on our coming up with a ten million [dollar] political contribution to the party." After much haggling, Gulf got away with a \$3 million contribution.

In most cases, though, the approaches are much more subtle: bribe-giver and receiver never even meet, but deal through middlemen or agents. A company wanting to do business in a country where it is not known may seek out an agent, or an agent may approach it and claim—quite rightly—to know how to land contracts. Working—often luxuriously—on the fringes of the worlds of politics and business, middlemen are the indispensable Mr. Fixits for companies operating in foreign countries. Often natives of the country, the agents are well connected and know their way around the corridors of power as well as around the ski and sun resorts where many deals are born.

Of course, a good agent's role is not restricted to payoffs. He can set up appointments between important government officials and company representatives, help the firm chart its investment strategy, advise it on how to shape its bid and funnel back useful intelligence on government needs. All that is wholly ethical, and thus it often is next to impossible to determine how much of the agent's fee is a legitimate business expense and how much is passed on in bribes—particularly because the client companies have good reason for not trying to find out. If they do not know, they can, with only moderately uneasy conscience, treat the agent's fee as a tax-deductible business expense. Then, if bribes become public knowledge, company executives can deny with a straight face having ever knowingly authorized them.

Among the middlemen in the Middle East, no one rates higher than Adnan Khashoggi, a fabulously wealthy Saudi Arabian who jets about his business in a plushly furnished private Boeing 727. He has at one time or another represented, among others, Lockheed, Northrop, Raytheon and Chrysler. As Northrop's agent, he stands to collect a fee of \$45 million for a single deal to sell fighter planes to Saudi Arabia. Northrop once reported that it had given \$450,000 to Khashoggi to pass on to two Saudi air force generals; Khashoggi says he pocketed the money to "punish" Northrop for thinking it could bribe the Saudis.

True, there are times when having an agent can be a liability, as Grumman Corp. is now learning. The U.S. Navy helped to set up a deal under which Grumman will sell 80 F-14 Tomcat fighters to Iran. But Grumman officials were still worried about competition from McDonnell Douglas, so they bought a little extra insurance: they hired U.S.-based agents for \$28 million to make sure that the deal went through. What Grumman did not know was that the agents it chose were in bad odor in Iran. When the Shah learned of the arrangement, he concluded that Grumman had included the \$28 million in the \$2.2 billion contract price and demanded that the price of the 80 planes be reduced by that much, as a kind of fine. Grumman, arguing that



GULF CHAIRMAN DORSEY WITH S.K. KIM OF SOUTH KOREA

the money came out of its own pockets, is now desperately trying to persuade the Shah to relent.

The Navy's role in the Grumman affair points to another problem in controlling foreign bribery: the Pentagon's relentless push to increase exports of U.S.-made weapons. U.S. military-assistance groups are constantly touting the benefits of American arms in almost every non-Communist country where the U.S. has an embassy. Once military officers determine that a foreign government is interested, they will put it in touch with U.S. companies that can supply the weapons required, and try to help clinch a deal.

The Pentagon has reasons for this policy. Strengthening the military muscle of friendly nations helps the U.S., and the economies of scale that result when a company manufactures weapons for foreign as well as American markets help to keep down the prices that the Pentagon itself pays. But military officers cannot help knowing that in some of the countries in which they are pushing American weapons, bribery is routine. There is no evidence that the Pentagon has actually encouraged payment of bribes to expand exports of arms, but it has been tolerant of agents' fees.

Whatever excuses might be offered for bribery—Pentagon pressure, foreign extortion, "Everybody does it"—the practice has become intolerable. Tips to customs officials to perform duties that they ought to carry out anyway might be unremarkable ethically, but payments to Cabinet ministers to put a U.S. company's interests ahead of those of their own country are totally immoral and strike at the very basis of democratic government.

Economically, bribery may increase a company's sales and profits for a time, but ultimately the practice is self-defeating—as Lockheed is now learning. Some of the U.S. executives who authorized bribes undoubtedly thought they would never be discovered, but they have been, and are costing the companies much-needed sales. Worse, the disclosures could well put a dent in the foreign business of other American corporations that are wholly innocent of any wrongdoing.

A permissive corporate attitude toward bribery loosens morals throughout the company: lower-echelon employees cannot be expected to operate ethically while the boss is setting an example of handing out payola. It is no coincidence that several of the companies caught paying off abroad are the same ones that broke the law at home to make political contributions out of corporate funds. The damage that corporate chicanery is doing to U.S. foreign relations, and to the reputation of the nation overseas, is painfully obvious.

What can be done to stop the bribery? The most obvious possibility is the one urged by Arthur Burns: passage of a law that would make bribery of foreign officials a crime in the U.S., punishable by heavy fines and jail sentences for offending executives.

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utives. There would be many difficulties in framing and enforcing such a law. For one thing, a definition of just what constitutes bribery would have to be written—and that could be tricky, especially in the case of fees to agents who mix unethical operations with standard business practice.

Proving a case of bribery against an executive might well require evidence from foreign sources that U.S. courts have no power to compel. Then too, as one Washington official states, "We will not clean up the Indonesian civil service by American law. It will take a bribe to place a telephone call from Surabaya to Jakarta, as far as I can tell, for the next 50 years. Do you send an American businessman to jail for that?" The answer is, of course, no: enforcement would have to focus on the big payoffs.

For all its problems, an anti-bribery law may be the best answer. Its mere presence on the books ought to constitute a powerful deterrent. The prospect of being branded a criminal and sent to jail would give pause to even the most sorely tempted executive. And if enough U.S. companies were impelled to say no to bribery demands, they might indeed find, after some initial loss of sales, that foreign countries had to do business with them anyway because of the U.S.'s long lead in technology.

Some form of anti-bribery legislation would also open the way for much more vigorous probes into company books by such agencies as the SEC, the Justice Department and the IRS. Company records relating to possible bribery would be much easier to obtain. Accountants might well be prompted to be much more inquisitive about overseas payments by companies they audit and to report any evidence of bribery. They seem to have been singularly incurious about the foreign accounts of some companies that were later found to have made payoffs; they would have an incentive to look harder if they knew they might be accused of helping the company to conceal a crime. Successful prosecutions of some American executives for bribery might even embarrass foreign governments into tightening up on the venal practices of their own businessmen.

Laws, however, can be broken—as the law against political contributions in the U.S. has been. So in the end, the responsibility for stopping bribery rests with the chief executives of companies that do business abroad. Says Najeeb E. Halaby, who as head until 1972 of Pan American World Airways resisted both bagmen for Richard Nixon and bribetakers overseas: "The top guy has to set the ethical standards." He is right. Companies may draft codes of ethical behavior forbidding bribery, as many are doing now, but those codes are unlikely to be observed unless the chief lets it be known that violators will be fired—starting with himself. In spreading that word, chief executives could be helped by legislation that enabled them to tell employees that bribery is not only unethical but criminal.

Havoc In Holland

Stories about bribe taking by Prince Bernhard had been floating around Amsterdam since last December. At that time Ernest F. Hauser, an American and former Lockheed employee whose credentials include a criminal record (for fraud), charged that the prince had profited royally from sales of Lockheed's supersonic Starfighter to The Netherlands. Bernhard denied the charges; without hesitation, the Dutch placed faith in their beloved prince over the convicted criminal. Last week, however, Dutch Prime Minister Joop den Uyl appeared on television with the announcement that Prince Bernhard was the "high government official" mentioned in the U.S. Senate hearings. The news had the effect of a Starfighter exploding over the Royal Palace. Never before in the history of Holland's 400-year-old House of Orange had a member of the royal family been the target of accusations with such potentially devastating consequences. If the committee appointed to investigate the charges unearthed damaging evidence, an Act of Parliament signed by the Queen would be necessary to bring the prince to trial. The nearly universal opinion in The Netherlands is that if that happened, the Queen would abdicate in favor of her intelligent and aloof eldest daughter, Princess Beatrix, 38.

In December Hauser claimed that in 1961 Lockheed paid the prince to help obtain the Dutch government's approval for costly engineering changes that the company wanted to make—and charge for—in Dutch-owned Starfighters. Hauser added that the money had been funneled to the prince through the Swiss bank account of Fred C. Meuser, then Lockheed's European sales director. Bernhard acknowledged a close friendship with Meuser but flatly denied receiving any kickbacks.

Lockheed Vice Chairman Carl Ketchian admitted to the Senate subcommittee that a \$1 million bribe for a "high Dutch government official" had indeed been paid into Meuser's Swiss bank account in 1961 or 1962. Meuser, who is now enjoying a comfortable retirement in his posh villa in St. Moritz, told a reporter from the Dutch socialist daily *Her Vrije Volk*, "I have never transmitted any money to Prince Bernhard. I am willing to go to Holland and confirm this under oath." Where did the money go? "I put it in my own pocket," said Meuser, perhaps a bit too readily.

If Lockheed did try to buy some princely influence, it paid a high price for an uncertain quantity. As Inspector General of the Dutch armed forces, the prince can advise the government on military purchases, but the Defense Minister and the Prime Minister ultimately make the decision. Similarly, as a board member of both Fokker Aircraft Co., which was licensed to assemble the Starfighters in Holland, and KLM, the prince was in a position to influence but not authorize purchases.

The question raised by the charges is why would the prince risk his royal position for a paltry \$1 million. The House of Orange is reputed to be one of the richest families in the world, owning, among other things, a sizable share of Royal Dutch/Shell. In addition, the prince receives an annual tax-free salary of about \$300,000 (Queen Juliana gets \$1.5 million). The guessing games sparked by last week's disclosures produced only fanciful theories of possible motivation. According to the "For the Panda" theory, if the prince received money, he probably gave it to one of his favorite charities, most likely the World Wildlife Fund. But fund officials say the prince has never donated more than \$10,000 of his own money. Less charitable is the "Dutch Treat" theory, which speculates that Queen Juliana, having heard rumors of Bernhard's philandering, began keeping a close eye on the family coffers. And then there is the "Bum Rap" theory. This holds that the prince never actually received the funds, which were pocketed by Meuser or another middleman.

The prince last week again denied he had received any money from Lockheed and said he welcomed "an inquiry into the affair." At week's end the relaxed and smiling prince arrived with Queen Juliana at the Amsterdam Hilton for a World Wildlife Fund black-tie ball. Its goal: to raise money for the endangered turtles of the Galapagos Islands.



SAUDI ARABIAN MIDDLEMAN ADNAN KHASHOGGI



QUEEN JULIANA & PRINCE BERNHARD RIDING THROUGH AMSTERDAM IN CARRIAGE

A Prince In Dutch

"You can ask me to be cynical about lots of things, but not about the monarchy," said a student in Amsterdam. The vast majority of the Dutch press and public last week embraced the Prime Minister's advice to consider Prince Bernhard innocent until proved guilty. That generosity of judgment was partly self-interested: the toppling of national idols is always painful, and the Dutch understandably prefer their princes upright. Their open-mindedness was also a gesture of gratitude to the German-born prince, who in cool and timeless service to The Netherlands had transformed his adopted countrymen's initial wariness about his origins into almost universal esteem.

Born heir to the pocket principality of Lippe-Biesterfeld in 1911, Prince Bernhard Leopold Frederik Everhard Julius Coert Karel Godfried Pieter spent a carefree childhood riding horses, hunting and fishing on a family estate in eastern Germany. After what he calls "a fairly perfunctory" university education in Switzerland and Germany, the prince studied law at the University of Berlin where, like all German students, he was forced to become a member of the Hitler Youth Movement. Severing all connection with the Nazi Party, Bernhard, after his graduation in 1935, took a job in the Paris office of I.G. Farben, the German chemical cartel. While attending the 1936 Winter Olympics in Germany, the prince met and charmed the plain but sweet-tempered Princess Juliana, Queen Wilhelmina's only child and the heir to the Dutch throne. Renouncing his German citizenship, Bernhard married Juliana the following year and took the title Prince of The Netherlands, rejecting the traditional term prince consort which, he complained, was "the utmost in male abominations."

Dutch grumbling about Bernhard's German background subsided during

World War II. Princess Juliana went to Canada when Germany occupied The Netherlands, but Bernhard stayed in London to serve as a top adviser to Queen Wilhelmina and her government in exile. After earning his fighter-pilot wings with the R.A.F., he organized a Dutch air squadron in 1942; two years later he became commander of the Dutch infantry brigades, including the vast underground army that fought with the Allies to liberate Holland.

After the war, the by now tremendously popular "fighting prince" transformed himself into an immensely useful "salesman prince." He joined the boards of several companies, including KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Hoogovens Steel and Fokker Aircraft, and began a new career as globetrotting good-will ambassador and ardent promoter of Dutch exports. Former Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek called him "the best commercial traveler I've ever met—and in Brazil we meet them all."

The peripatetic prince now serves on more than 300 boards and committees. He was one of the moving spirits in setting up the Bilderberg Conference, an annual off-the-record dialogue among influential Europeans, which has been running more than 20 years. Although an avid hunter, the prince is also the energetic president of the World Wildlife Fund, which is devoted to the preservation of endangered species.

Bernhard works hard, plays hard. Winters, he takes skiing vacations in Lech, Austria. In the summer the royal family heads for the Happy Elephant, its seaside villa in Porto Ercole, Italy. The tall, trim pipe-smoking Prince Bernhard dresses impeccably, and all year round sports the sun-goggled, slightly tanned look that is associated with Europe's jet set. His trademark is a fresh white carnation in his lapel. At 64, he looks like an ag-

ing but still dashing airplane pilot.

The prince's tireless traveling has given rise to countless rumors of romantic adventurism, but his 39-year marriage to Queen Juliana has remained relatively untroubled. Their only publicized conflict was over Faith Healer Greet Hofmans, who was brought to Stoetdijk Palace in the late 1940s in the hope that she might be able to cure the youngest of their four daughters, the near-blind Princess Maria Christina. Healer Hofmans failed to help Christina, but she almost succeeded in converting the Queen to a queer brand of mystical pacifism that seemed equal parts scientology, Moral Re-Armament and nuclear disarmament. In 1956, at the strong urging of both the prince and the Dutch Parliament, Hofmans was banished from the palace.

Bernhard has occasionally crossed the grain of his ardently democratic adopted countrymen. In 1971 former Dutch Prime Minister Barend Biesheuvel publicly told him to button his royal lip after the prince suggested that the Cabinet should be freed periodically from parliamentary interference so that the "government could really get down to business without having to spend half its time answering questions."

Nonetheless, the prince has consistently topped lists of the most admired men in The Netherlands and routinely won 90% approval rating in public-opinion polls. Perhaps the greatest index of his popularity was that virtually no one in The Netherlands really wanted to believe the allegations about the prince that surfaced last week.



THE PRINCE IN COCKPIT OF HIS PRIVATE PLANE (1953)

Clouds of Black Mist

Reverberations from the Lockheed scandal echoed across Japan last week in angry newspaper headlines and outraged television commentaries. The affair was the country's most explosive political issue since ex-Premier Kakuei Tanaka resigned 15 months ago under charges of shady financial dealings. Fearful of voter reaction, the ruling Liberal Democrats now plan to put off until the fall parliamentary elections that were expected this spring. After marathon sessions with worried party members from the Diet, Premier Takeo Miki ordered an investigation by a lower-house committee, which this week will hear testimony from key principals in the case.

The Lockheed payoffs are clearly an example of what the Japanese poetically refer to as *kuromi kiri* (black mist), or corruption. Ironically, Premier Miki could profit from the public anger; he has earned a reputation as his party's Mr. Clean. But Tanaka, who remained a major behind-the-scenes power in the Liberal Democratic Party after his resignation as Premier, is almost certain to be tarnished, directly or indirectly, by the new scandal.

It's lucky we picked Miki," Liberal Democrats were telling each other last week. That is a new sentiment. As recently as last December, Miki's administration received an abysmal 26.6% popularity rating in a public opinion poll. His ambitious reform program had made little headway. Promised antitrust legislation ended up pigeon-holed in the Diet. Inflation was slowed to a manageable 9%, but the government failed to stop price rises on necessities like rice, oil and electric power. The party's hawkish right wing blocked Miki's attempts to ratify the nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Miki seemed weak and ineffective; there were whispers that prior to the next elections he might be replaced as party boss by a stronger man—possibly even Tanaka.

The Lockheed disclosures changed all that. Miki still has his reputation for integrity; he has never been associated with the right-wing, big money elements in the party. Thus it now seems virtually certain that he will serve out his full term as party leader, until 1977. Tanaka, on the other hand, has apparently had his wings clipped once again. The brash, unrepentant politician promised the nation a full answer to questions about his financial dealings when he resigned in 1974, but no explanation has ever come forth. He is still rich, head of his party's biggest faction, and a major architect of Liberal Democratic strategy. But

the Lockheed affair is a vivid reminder of the cloud of suspicion that still surrounds Tanaka.

The Tanaka connection, if indeed one exists, involves two Lockheed sales coups in the fall of 1972, while he was Premier. One was the decision of All Nippon Airways, Japan's principal domestic carrier, to buy six Lockheed TriStar jetliners instead of McDonnell Douglas or Boeing competitors; the order later grew to 21. The other was a government decision to consider purchasing Lockheed P-3C Orions instead of developing a Japanese-made antisubmarine aircraft. The anticipated order, for at least 50 Orions at \$13 million each, was shelved last week, as opposition leaders in the Diet charged that Lockheed had bribed government officials to push the Orion purchase by the Maritime Self-Defense Force. They also accused the Tanaka regime of pressuring All Nippon Airways to buy the TriStars. Tanaka admitted last week that he met with Lockheed President A.C. Kitchin in January 1972, but he denied that it had anything to do with the bribery scandal.

The Liberal Democrats have resisted opposition demands that Tanaka testify under oath about the two deals. One close Tanaka confidant is scheduled to testify—Multimillionaire Hotel King Kenji Osano, who was named in the U.S. Senate investigations as one of Lockheed's friends in court in Japan. Also subpoenaed, but ill at home, was Yoshio Kodama, the right-wing, militarist *eminence grise* whom Lockheed has paid \$7 million since 1958. Kodama reportedly collected \$2 million in 1972 alone, the year of the TriStar and Orion decisions.

Tanaka does have a plausible excuse for both 1972 favors to Lockheed. Two months before the decisions were made, he met with President Richard Nixon in Hawaii; Nixon is thought to have argued strongly for Japanese purchases from Lockheed, which his Administration had bailed out of near-bankruptcy in 1971.

Though Miki and his small "progressive conservative" faction of the party will probably emerge from the scandal stronger than before, the Liberal Democrats as a whole stand only to lose. They have been in power since 1955 and have become virtually identified with the interests of big business in Japan. The party has a comfortable majority of 70 seats in the lower house, but only a slender nine-vote majority in the upper house. Moreover, the Liberal Democrats' share of the vote has declined steadily for the past decade, and they will need to restore public confidence before risking an election.

Yet there is a suspicion in Japan that a thoroughgoing investigation would enshroud more than just the ruling party in the black mist. Many Japanese firms customarily give to both the Liberal Democrats and the opposition parties, apparently to hedge their bets should the opposition ever come to power. International buyers of influence may well have done the same. In any case, the Socialist, Communist and Komeito (Clean Government) parties seemed fearful last week that a public inquiry might delve too deep. They agreed to the Liberal Democrats' proposal that this week's investigation in the Diet be limited, at least at first, to two days. The opposition seemed happy to ensure that there would be no time to expose any embarrassing peccadilloes closer to home.



FORMER PREMIER KAKUEI TANAKA

JAPANESE PREMIER TAKEO MIKI TAKING TEA IN TOKYO GARDEN



The Medicaid Scandal

Medicaid, the \$14.7-billion-a-year program designed to provide free medical care for those who cannot afford to pay, has been a blessing to millions of Americans. But because of widespread cheating and skyrocketing costs, the system is fast becoming a national scandal. This week the Senate Subcommittee on Long-Term Medical Care is holding hearings in Washington on Medicaid fraud in clinical laboratories. Says Subcommittee Member Pete Domenici, a Republican from New Mexico: "The system is ripe for plucking. Medicaid ranks as one of the highest ripped-off federal programs."

One sample of the fraud is evident in Illinois, where the subcommittee staff estimates that one dollar out of every six spent by the Public Aid Department on health care is illegally siphoned off. Working with investigators from Chicago's Better Government Association, a citizens' watchdog agency, the subcommittee last December set up a clinic near ghetto areas on the city's North Side. To all appearances, the operation was indistinguishable from other "Medicaid mills" that have been hastily assembled to provide treatment for Chicago's poor and to collect payments from the federal and state governments. Posing as a doctor's representative and his assistant, the investigators sent out word to major medical laboratories that they were opening a business. With feverish haste, 13 labs approached the clinic, eleven with lucrative offers. If the doctor referred patients to them, they promised, he would get ample compensation. Among the inducements: they would give him 50% in kickbacks; they would give his private patients free tests; they would pay his secretary's salary, provide X-ray equipment and even include electrical and plumbing services. There was little, in short, they would not do to get their hands on Medicaid funds.

One-Way Mirror. When each lab representative showed up at the clinic to make his pitch, the conversation was jotted down by a secretary; some of the sessions were photographed through a one-way mirror. The material was turned over to the U.S. Justice Department for possible prosecution. Later investigation disclosed other kinds of fraud besides bribery. Some labs were in the habit of offering two sets of prices for tests, one for private patients and a higher one for Medicaid recipients. An examination of 20,000 laboratory billings showed that the median overcharge for Medicaid patients was 116%.

Unnecessary tests were commonplace. Often the tests were not even performed. TIME learned that bills were submitted for menstrual and pregnancy tests for male patients; Medicaid was

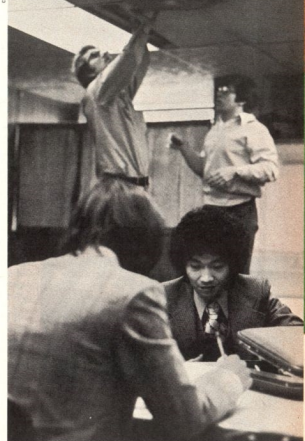
billed for sickle cell anemia tests for whites, though the disease mainly afflicts blacks. Altogether, the eleven labs under investigation collected a total of \$6,978,213 in Medicaid money from all their operations last year. Almost a quarter of this amount was estimated to be fraudulent.

But the get-rich-quick schemes could not have succeeded without the cooperation of venal clinic owners, many of them non-physicians. The favorite ploy was to disguise the kickbacks as rent; that is, the clinic owners would sublease their office space to the labs—which often did not use it. The more patients the doctor sent to the labs, the more rent he would collect. One lab representative told a disguised investigator: "If the volume goes up ten times, rent could go up ten times." A clinic could collect \$1,000 a month by renting a cubbyhole containing only a chair. TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury visited a physician who paid \$300 a month rent for his office space, yet he received \$2,000 a month in rent for its "use" from a laboratory and a pharmacy. He professed to be untroubled by the arrangement. "I talked to my lawyer," he said, "and he sees nothing wrong."

The scandal has reached epidemic proportions because so many medical people seem unconcerned about breaking the law. Until recently, the cheaters had little chance of being caught. There were not enough investigators and auditors, and trails of wrongdoing are all too easily lost in the bureaucratic maze of Medicaid.

But now prosecutors are reacting to public and congressional pressure and are starting to do their job. In Illinois last month, five owners of a Chicago drug company and four owners of suburban nursing homes were indicted under a new federal fraud law; the drugists were charged with paying more than \$7,000 in kickbacks and bribes to the nursing homes in exchange for exclusive contracts to supply drugs to Medicaid patients. A Cook County grand jury is investigating a dozen major pharmacies for padding prescription bills. Under fire for slack administration of Medicaid, the Illinois Public Aid Department has recently suspended four labs and five doctors from the program. A team of department investigators and

CARLOS CORTEZ

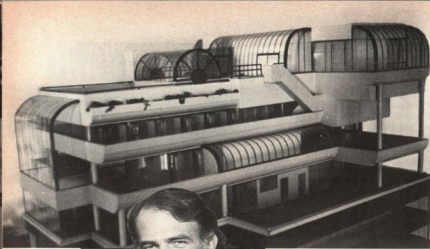


LAB OPERATOR PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH ONE-WAY MIRROR AS HE OFFERS KICKBACK TO INVESTIGATOR DISGUISED AS LAWYER; OTHER UNDERCOVER AGENTS LISTEN POSING AS WORKMEN.

auditors have turned up \$3.4 million in Medicaid overpayments and recovered \$821,000.

Still, effective policing of Medicaid cannot be achieved without help from Washington. In a report issued this week, subcommittee investigators urge that states be required to license laboratory owners and operators. They suggest that the same billing form be used by a doctor ordering a test and the lab performing it. In this way, the lab would not be able to inflate the bill.

Subcommittee Chairman Senator Frank Moss, a Democrat from Utah, agrees that these and other measures are urgently needed. Says he: "This is a horrible commentary on our medical delivery system. If its many weaknesses show up in Medicaid, the rip-off will be infinitely larger with national health insurance."



DANIEL J. JOHNSON



KATHLEEN ROSE

MOTT (LEFT) & MODEL OF PENTHOUSE

"I wanted to live heliotropically, with the bedrooms facing east and the cocktail and dining area facing west," complained Millionaire **Stewart Mott**, 38, describing his hopes to build the perfect Manhattan home. Begun three years ago atop the 54th floor of a new apartment building, the four-story penthouse was to include a solarium kitchen, a library, pool, four bedrooms, office space for up to seven secretaries, a multilevel grand salon and more than 1,500 sq. ft. of terrace for Mott's main passion: organic vegetable gardening. The fastest-growing item at Mott's midtown Xanadu, however, was the construction bill, which climbed from a projected \$1.6 million to \$3.2 million. So last week Mott sadly backed out of the deal, \$300,000 poorer thanks to legal and engineering costs, and began the search for new digs. His builders, meanwhile, began the search for a new buyer and put the penthouse up for sale with a price tag boosted to \$3.5 million to cover their losses.

The quiet rustle of *asparagus sprengeri* and *chlorophytum comosum* is music to the ears of Rock Impresario **Bill Graham** these days. Graham, 45, the for-

mer proprietor of the Fillmore rock emporiums in New York and San Francisco, last week opened a six-day horticultural extravaganza at the San Francisco Cow Palace. Called "The World of Plants," it is a kind of Woodstock for flora freaks, featuring exhibits by 250 plant merchants, a 35-ft.-high bush-covered volcano, human tomatoes, and the piped-in music of Villa-Lobos, Debussy and Bartók. Rock groups may be fun, Graham reflects, but plant fiends are easier on the nerves. None of that "standing beside a limousine at the airport praying that your star hasn't flown off to India instead of doing the concert," he says. "I'm the only one who raises his voice around here."

He started in the cheap seats at New York City's Ebbets Field watching the old Brooklyn Dodgers. When the team moved to Los Angeles, Actor-Comedian **Danny Kaye** went to the box seats and became one of the staunchest rooters in Chavez Ravine. But come spring, Kaye, 63, will be doing his cheering in Seattle, where he and five local businessmen have just bought the American League's newest major league franchise for \$5.5 million. Will Danny have any playing tips for his yet unnamed team? Hardly, considering his own boyhood performance at the plate. "Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, boy could I hit," he recalls. "Tuesdays and Thursdays, I couldn't hit my ass."

The San Francisco Opera House provided the setting, and **Carole King** provided the entertainment at her own 35th birthday celebration last week. Now making her first concert tour in three years, the Brooklyn-born singer-composer (*Where You Lead; You've Got a Friend*) starred in an S.R.O. perfor-

CAROLE KING SINGING A BIRTHDAY SONG AT THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE

GRAHAM (BELOW) WITH SARAH TOMATO



KATHLEEN ROSE



JOHN MCCORMICK

mance before 3,400 fans. She had more to toast than just the passing of another year. While King sang in San Francisco, her 1971 album *Tapestry* celebrated its 254th week on *Billboard* magazine's top albums chart. Its worldwide sales so far: more than 13 million.

"For the man who is to the social sciences what Big Bird is to *Sesame Street*, that master of monetary mirth—**John Kenneth Galbraith**!" And so it went last week in Boston, where Harvard President **Derek Bok**, Author **George Plimpton** and 500 other old Crimsons watched the king-sized economist, now 67, honored as Harvard's "funniest professor in 100 years." The festivities, all part of the centennial celebration of the Harvard *Lampoon*, included a cash prize of \$10,000, which Galbraith promptly donated to the university's Fogg Museum, noting that "nothing so fittingly caps an unsuccessful academic career at Harvard as recognition, however belated, by the *Lampoon*." But the Poonies got the last jab when they rolled out an additional gift—a \$13,000 purple and gold Cadillac specially fitted out for the author of *The Affluent Society*.

Barbra Streisand drove costume fitters to the brink during the filming of *Funny Girl* by continually changing the padding in her bras. Playing Julius Caesar in *Cleopatra*, **Rex Harrison** allowed his own skinny frame to be beefed up with foam rubber, so much that the daggers kept bouncing off him during the death scene. So reports Oscar-Winning Designer **Irene Sharaff**, 64, describing the care and costuming of actors in a new memoir titled *Broadway and Hollywood, Costumes Designed by Irene Sharaff*. Stars are like "anyone else in underwear," she insists. In *The Bishop's*

ACTRESS DOMINIQUE SANDA DURING A SERIOUS MOMENT IN HER NEW FILM, 1900



ECONOMIST GALBRAITH TRIES THE WHEEL OF HIS LAMPOON CADDY

Wife (1948), for instance, **Loretta Young** wore a padded body suit to help make her long neck look shorter. **Elizabeth Taylor** required no padding for *Cleopatra*, but her 60 changes of costume presented a formidable challenge. "She was five feet two and had difficult proportions: high waist, large bosom, short arms, no behind but wide hips," snips Sharaff. "I was not awed by her."

Singer **Pat Boone** made it. So did Atheist **Madalyn Murray O'Hair**. But the first edition of *Who's Who in Religion* published by Marquis Who's Who, Inc., seemed most notable for the names that did not appear in its list of 16,000 people who "demonstrated merit in some form of religious activity." Among those not present: Roman Catholic Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen**; Unification Church Founder the Rev. **Sun Myung Moon**; Rabbi **Marc Tanenbaum** of the American Jewish Committee; and Manhattan

Clergyman **Norman Vincent Peale**, whose "positive thinking" books have sold more than 5 million copies in the U.S. "It was a first-time publication and schedules were tight," explains *Who's Who* Sales Manager Sandra Barnes. She adds that the editors have already started making amends for the next issue, due on the shelves in 1977.

On the heels of Seabiscuit and Secretariat, now comes Telly's Pop. Telly's Pop? "You betcha," booms **Telly Savalas**, TV's surly-burly Kojak. "Two years ago, I paid \$3,000 for a half-share in a horse nobody wanted. I named him Telly's Pop, and something happened, baby." Evidently, Telly's bargain-basement gelding, which he owns with former Paramount Pictures Production Chief Howard W. Koch, has finished in the money in all of his seven outings on West Coast tracks, winning \$300,000 and an invitation to this year's Kentucky Derby. But Telly faces stiff competition in Louisville from another Hollywood hard guy, **Rod Steiger**, who paid \$50,000 for half-ownership of a fast bay colt named Stained Glass. At Santa Anita in December, Steiger's steed outran Savalas' nag by a healthy length and a half. Says Rod: "We beat him once. We can beat him any time."

Behind the somber gaze of French Actress **Dominique Sanda**, 24, lies the soul of a free-wheeling, cigar-smoking Italian flapper of the '20s. At least it does in 1900, Director **Bernardo Bertolucci's** expansive study of eight decades of Italian society that also features Actors **Robert de Niro** and **Burt Lancaster**. Dominique, who first worked with Bertolucci as a teen-ager in his 1970 movie *The Conformist*, grows from age 21 to 37 in his current picture, a feat which required six months of shooting on location in Italy. Says she: "With Bertolucci, you don't notice the time."





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You'll discover why the chipmunk developed his huge pouches, the giraffe his enormous stature. You'll learn how creatures adapted for survival...The black-necked cobra who spits venom eight feet when faced with an enemy...The lungfish who cocoons itself up to four years without food or water in severe African droughts. And you'll see how man's assault on his environment is threatening the survival of many species.

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The camera records a caracal poised to catch a bird in midflight.

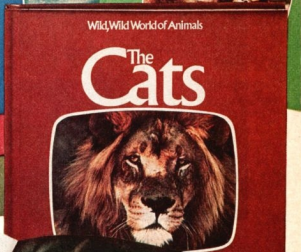
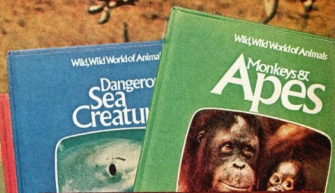
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President



...in fact that greater confidence with reflects that we need to...
...the tiger is the most powerful of all the big cats. It is a solitary animal, and its roar is heard for miles.

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Weighing the Evidence

The U.S. public was treated to another confusing round of the Great Nuclear Debate last week. Robert Pollard, a safety engineer with the Federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission, resigned from his post, protesting that poorly designed safeguards at the Indian Point nuclear power plants in Buchanan, N.Y., made them "an accident waiting to happen." He was immediately challenged by Charles Luce, chairman of Consolidated Edison, which built the plants. Backed by company and some Government scientists, Luce pointed out that the plant had been operating for twelve years without harming the public. A catastrophic accident at Indian Point, he said, was as remote as the possibility of a meteor striking a large city.*

Public Verdict. Who is right in the nuclear debate? Or in the arguments over aerosol sprays and supersonic aircraft and their effects on the ozone layer? Or in the controversy surrounding food additives and cancer? Too often those who must ultimately decide these issues are likely to be swayed by rhetoric rather than by scientific fact because there is no easy way to sort out the facts in arguments between scientists. Physicist Arthur Kantrowitz, 62, thinks that he has a solution to the dilemma. Kantrowitz, head of Avco Everett Research Laboratory in Everett, Mass., and one of the key engineers in the U.S. space program, would like to use the techniques of the courtroom to establish scientific fact. His idea: a court that would hear both sides in a scientific argument and render a public verdict on where the weight of evidence lies.

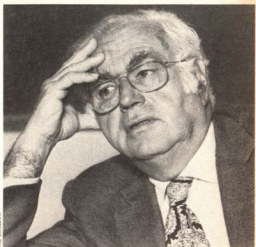
* Scientists have calculated that a large meteorite might hit some U.S. city only once every 160,000 years.

The idea of an adversary fact-finding process for science is not a new one. Congress, regulatory agencies and scientific organizations such as the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Academy of Sciences have long made it a practice to take testimony from both sides in any scientific public policy dispute. But Kantrowitz's court would do more than hold hearings. It would conduct a trial to determine facts.

As Kantrowitz sees it, when two sides disagreed on a scientific public policy question, the opponents would be asked to appear before a specially constituted panel composed of distinguished scientists from fields other than the one under dispute. Advocates, who would also be publicly supported when necessary, would present their arguments to the panel and would actually cross-examine each other. The panelists would then examine the arguments and publish their judgment on the facts.

Kantrowitz's court would not resolve such social questions as how much risk the public is willing to accept from nuclear power plants, or how much jet aircraft noise it is willing to endure. These issues, Kantrowitz says, will always be determined on more personal or political grounds. But he believes such a court could prevent the misuse of science in deciding such issues. "Those voting on an issue will at least not be able to claim a scientific reason for their choice," he contends. "They'll have to explain it as a value judgment."

At the very least, Kantrowitz feels that formal "trials" with evidence from experiments could help refine scientists' understanding of the issues under debate. But even if the court proceedings should succeed in swinging most scientists to one side of an issue, public re-



PHYSICIST ARTHUR KANTROWITZ

A trial of the facts.

action might not necessarily follow suit. Says AAAS Science Editor Dr. Philip Abelson: "You could put a bunch of scientists in white robes and they could wrestle with an issue and make a solemn judgment of truth. And a lot of people would still think the devil is lurking out there in the Bermuda Triangle."

Ozone Alert

A large part of the controversy over the British-French Concorde arises from concern about the big jets' effect on the ozone layer, which protects life on earth from lethal doses of ultraviolet light. Laboratory tests and chemical theory have shown that the nitrogen oxides given off by jet engines destroy ozone. Do nitrogen oxides have the same effect in the stratosphere? A Dutch meteorologist working at Boulder, Colo., reports there is now evidence that the answer is yes.

Paul Crutzen and associates at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) and the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) have long theorized that the sun occasionally produces the same effect that SST foes charge would result from large-scale use of Concorde. As he explains it, high-energy protons from solar flares, or eruptions on the surface of the sun, are hurled through space to the earth. At lower latitudes, most of the protons are deflected by the earth's magnetic field. But near the poles, where the lines of the field bend toward the earth, the protons slam into molecules in the upper atmosphere and cause a shower of electrons. These, in turn, crash into nitrogen molecules, ionizing them and allowing them to combine with oxygen. As a result, nitric oxide (NO) and nitrogen dioxide (NO₂) are formed; both react readily with ozone



NUCLEAR ENGINEER POLLARD ARGUING WITH CON ED OFFICIAL
How can the public decide when even scientists disagree?

There is a way for you to come to the immediate aid of homeless Guatemalans

A fund-raising effort on behalf of victims of the devastating earthquake has been formed by the Center for Inter-American Relations in cooperation with the Council of The Americas and the Pan American Development Foundation.

Tax-deductible contributions received by the Center will be used to build new housing for those who have lost homes through earthquake damage.

Donors to the relief fund are asked to make checks out to:

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The need is urgent.

Center for Inter-American Relations

Directors include: Emilio G. Collado, Andrew Heiskell, Sol M. Linowitz, George Meany, David Rockefeller, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Arthur R. Taylor



ERUPTION ON SURFACE OF SUN
Assault on the shield?

molecules and cause their destruction.

Last summer, Crutzen declared that a large solar flare in 1972 must have doubled the amount of nitrogen oxides in the stratosphere at an altitude of about 25 miles over the polar regions, and thus depleted the ozone over these areas by an amount he calculated at 20%. There was a way of checking his theory. A Nimbus satellite, in orbit at the time, had been measuring the amount of ultraviolet light reflected from the earth's atmosphere. Because ozone absorbs ultraviolet, any decrease in ozone would result in an increase in the ultraviolet "seen" by the satellite. Sure enough, after months of analyzing data from the Nimbus, two NASA scientists, Donald Heath and Arlin Krueger, determined that the solar flare had depleted the ozone in that region by about 16%.

These results show the need for further research into the effects of technology on the ozone layer. Large solar flares occur infrequently, allowing the ozone layer time to be replenished by natural processes. But man's assaults on the ozone shield, in the form of SST flights, aerosol sprays and other chemicals, are continuous and could permanently deplete the layer.

A different study by Crutzen and three other scientists emphasizes the importance of the ozone layer. Researchers have been able to correlate the disappearance of certain species of animals and plants with periods when the earth's magnetic field was reversing. At some point during the reversal, the field virtually disappears, allowing solar particles that are normally deflected by the magnetic field to strike the earth. Some scientists have suggested that during these periods high-energy cosmic rays and particles from solar flares may have killed off entire species and caused extensive mutations in others.

In a paper published in *Nature*, G.C.

SCIENCE

Reid and I.S.A. Isaksen of NOAA, T.E. Holzer of NCAR and Crutzen suggest that the solar particles may not directly wreak their havoc on life during magnetic field reversals. Instead, unobstructed by the field, they may deplete the ozone layer by as much as 50% by creating nitrogen oxides, letting in lethal doses of ultraviolet light.

That could explain the sudden disappearance throughout the earth's history of many animal and plant species, from the single-celled, ocean-dwelling radiolarians to the dinosaurs. Thus, Crutzen and his colleagues note, a long-term threat to the ozone layer from any source may well be a threat to the species that now inhabit the earth—including man.

Moscow Microwaves

American diplomats and their families have learned to live with the fact that the walls of the U.S. embassy in Moscow are probably infested with "bugs" put there by the Russians. But last week they were given something else to worry about. Embassy staffers and their families were told that high levels of microwave radiation had been detected in the nine-story embassy building on Tchaikovsky Street. The source: Soviet antennas, which are beaming the waves in both to charge up the batteries of their listening devices and to jam embassy-based U.S. electronic monitoring of Russian communications.

U.S. officials were not alarmed about any serious breach of embassy security; diplomats routinely hold important conversations in a lead-shielded "safe" room that is regularly swept for bugs. But some officials expressed concern for the health of embassy residents and workers. High-intensity microwaves, like those used in electronic kitchen ovens, can "cook" human cells. They can cause cataracts and raise levels of serum triglycerides, or blood fats, in humans, predisposing them to heart attacks. The waves can also interfere with the operation of heart pacers.

State Department officials insist that they have thus far found no ill effects from the radiation. But Pentagon scientists have recommended that the U.S. demand an immediate halt to the microwave bombardment. They have also proposed putting in alarms to let embassy staffers know when they are being irradiated so they can leave the building.

Physicist Fred Sterzer, director of RCA's Microwave Technology Center at Princeton, N.J., points out that there are well-known and commonly used countermeasures. All the embassy need do, he says, is use metal Venetian blinds, place a layer of wire mesh under its floors, and paper its walls with metal foil, which can then be covered with regular wallpaper. These precautions would not only block any incoming microwaves, but would also prevent bugs in inside walls from sending signals outside the building by microwave.

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9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar

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JODIE FOSTER IN SCHOOL UNIFORM & IN UNIFORM FOR TAXI DRIVER

Hooker Hooked

When she was "just a child" of eleven, her ambition was to be a lawyer and, perhaps, President of the U.S. Now a self-assured 13, Jodie Foster wants instead to be "a very good actress," a goal for which she is almost frighteningly well endowed. What hooked her on acting as a career was the movie *Taxi Driver* (TIME, Feb. 16), a florid melodrama of Manhattan's streets that is mostly memorable for Jodie's portrayal, as to the bordello born, of the trick-wise twelve-year-old whore.

A sheltered, studious Los Angeles tomboy, diminutive (5 ft.) Jodie had little empathy for the role. Her previous parts in movies and TV, notably Becky Thatcher in *Tom Sawyer*, had been more conventional. "For me it was just a part," says Jodie. "I never feel like the people I'm playing." That may help to explain why her performance escapes the usual prostitute stereotypes. Jodie, however, gives credit to Director Martin Scorsese. Says she: "Before, I would never listen to the directors—they always wanted you to act the same way. But with Marty I saw acting as something creative."

Scorsese first met Jodie at a 1974 audition. "In came this little girl with a Lauren Bacall voice," he recalls. "She cracked us up." When he sent her the script, says Jodie, "I thought this was a great part for a 21-year-old. I couldn't believe they were offering it to me."

Nor could the Los Angeles welfare board, which is charged with the moral chaperonage of young performers. Af-

ter a long legal hassle, it was agreed that Jodie would be replaced in the more sexually explicit scenes by a double—actually her own 20-year-old sister, Connie. Then Jodie underwent a four-hour session with a U.C.L.A. psychiatrist who had to rule on her mental stability. Says she: "I suppose they figured that if I was willing to play a part like that, I had to be insane." To prepare for the role, she got into "Iris' " satin hot pants and six-inch platforms and spent a month of her summer vacation walking a beat on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. She was not picked up. "I couldn't believe how she looked in her wardrobe," says her mother, Brandy Foster, a former Hollywood pressagent. "Suddenly she had legs. I don't think I'd ever seen her with her hair curled. I was very happy when she returned to her grubby little self."

For Jodie, returning to herself meant to the gray-skirted school uniform of the rigorous Lycée Français, where she gets straight A's. She and her mother, who divorced Jodie's father when Jodie was nine months old, share a modest house overlooking the Hollywood Bowl. Since her debut on the television series *Mayberry R.F.D.*, Jodie brightened the short-lived *Paper Moon* on TV and has made a total of ten movies, including the yet to be released *Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*, portraying a teeny-bopper killer; *Bugsey Malone*, an all-child musical; and *Echoes of a Summer*, with Richard Harris.

Has she missed having a conventional childhood? No, says Jodie. "I've got something extra. I know how to talk to adults and make a decision. Acting

has spared me from being a regular everyday kid slob." Or even from being a regular everyday kid-slob actress.

Jodie is neither a button-nosed naïf like the young Hayley Mills, nor hard-edged precocious, like Tatum O'Neal ("I think she is very good, but we are different characters"). She does not date, or attend Hollywood functions. She is disarmingly unconcerned about money. Aside from the \$1,600 in a savings account from her dollar-a-week allowance, "a few bets" and "liars' poker with the movie crews," she has no idea how much her manager-mother has stashed away. "After all," says Jodie, "I'm just a kid."

She is hoping, however, that *Taxi Driver* will bring her more adult parts. Says she: "The only place I draw the line is nudity." Then, forgetting what the role of Iris was all about, she adds: "Anyway, no one would want to see a 13-year-old take off her clothes." Some day, she says, she intends to play Othello, no less. Coming from Jodie Foster, that is no teeny-bopper fantasy.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Mary Hartman is currently suffering through separation from her husband, exposure to venereal disease and the lack of tranquilizers around the house. But how is she, really? For all her troubles, very well, it seems. Norman Lear's soap-opera send-up, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, is now in its seventh week, the most talked-about new show

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

of TV's numb-drum season. Most followers of loopy Mary and the other soap-flake characters of Fernwood must indulge their new addiction either in the afternoon or late at night. Shunned by the networks, the syndicated five-day-a-week serial appears on nearly 70 stations, generally in non-prime-time slots; 30 more stations will start showing it soon. The program is averaging a 10 rating in major cities—healthy for its time slots, though obviously less than what a prime-time hit registers. In Los Angeles and New York, *Mary, Mary's* share of the audience has topped the local night news of the CBS affiliate—a fact Executive Producer Lear must relish, since CBS first backed—and then backed out of—the series.

Slapstick Tragedy. The most obvious thing about the show is its broad exaggeration of soap-opera calamity. Mary is held hostage by a crazed gunman, then propositioned by the rescuing police officer. Her friend, Loretta, who dreams of a career as a country singing star, is battling paralysis after her car was struck by another car full of nuns.

But slapstick tragedy is not the only reason why people are watching *Mary Hartman*. The show's fascination lies in its oddly shifting tone. Almost all of the characters are confused. Mary herself is usually slack-jawed with bafflement—about her sister, who has fallen in with the local massage-parlor king; her grandfather, "the Fernwood Flasher"; and most of all by her stolid and truly enigmatic husband Tom. Though he is having an affair with Mae, a comely co-worker at the plant, he is impotent with Mary. The situation makes him terse and glum. If he can't do it, poor, dead-voiced Mary wants to talk about it. In one of the show's more venturesome scenes, written by Lear himself, Mary complains that she cannot masturbate while Tom fumes with silent humiliation. "I can't do it and you can't talk about it," she says finally.

No matter how many car crashes or family arrests occur, the atmosphere in Fernwood is torpid. Many of the laughs stem from people's misunderstandings of the simplest things. The real threats come from family and close friends. Mary's kitchen telephone is an instrument of bedevilment. The wonder is that she still picks it up; she has rarely heard any good or even neutral news over it. Many lines, especially in the kitchen scenes, can seem funny and pathetic at once. Informed by a caller of yet another crisis, Mary replies, "I can't talk now, I'm on the phone." Actress Louise Lasser somehow turns that Gracie Allen yuk into a more everyday kind of bewilderment. Even Mary's usual costume can be described several ways. A silly little mini with a Peter Pan collar and puffed sleeves, it could be a saucy nurse's uniform, a chaste skating costume or just a child's dress.

All these ambiguities are catnip to

critics, especially those with a sociological bent. Many observe that the show is a kind of barge to float all the garbage of American culture out to sea. Yale English Professor David Thorburn, who uses the show in one of his courses, has called the Hartman family "an American house of Atreus," although there has been no slaughter so far. Several enthusiasts have compared the show with Ingmar Bergman's film, *Scenes from a Marriage*—to Bergman's disparagement. Perhaps because he wears a warm-up jacket, Tom has been likened to John Updike's puzzled hero, Rabbit Angstrom. Commentators have noted, almost with reverence, that the characters are "human" and that Mary is "vulnerable," as if these qualities were very rare. With tough, raucous programs like *All in the Family* dominating prime time, perhaps they are.

Norman Lear, who gave Archie Bunker to the world, is now in love with *Mary Hartman*, an idea he thought up seven years ago. He does not see *Mary* as a soap satire; it is a way "to show humanity and comedy true to life in society—but perceived through a bent glass." He spends more time on the show than on any other project. In fact Lear may even be *Mary*. Says Chief Scriptwriter Ann Marcus: "If Mary sees an article in a magazine, that usually means Norman saw the article in a magazine." But despite suggestions from Lear and virtually everyone else on the set, Marcus finds the pace leaves hardly any "time to work out where the story is going." The original 60-page "bible" that traced planned story lines was expected to last at least six months. Restless *Mary* consumed it in three weeks. At the moment the writers are only a harrowing eight scripts ahead of each day's taping.

Crude News. Like any good producer, Lear loves the controversy that has surrounded the show. Mini-campaigns have broken out across the country to get it banned or at least limited to a time when the kids are not around. But only in Richmond, Va., where *Mary* played at 3:30 p.m., was the reaction of worried parents enough to get the show canned. Suburban Seattle Housewife Christine Matkovich has been calling executives of companies whose products are pitched on *Mary*, at 5 p.m. locally, and at least half a dozen sponsors have pulled out. But with youngsters deserting the competition—*Leave It to Beaver* reruns—the Seattle station is so far standing pat.

Still, *Mary Hartman*'s most fitting habitat does seem to be opposite the late news. Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Bob Greene thinks that time slot lets viewers avoid "the merely hesitatingly slapstick news shows and instead enjoy genuine entertainment in the classic Chicago tradition: crude, snickering, dirty and easy to follow." Greene may be right. *Mary* is doing fine late at night. For a show with a soap-opera format, it is quite contrary. Quite contrary.



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The Met's Young Master

The aisle door opened quietly. A large man padded gracefully in and paused behind the standees at the rear of the orchestra floor. He peered intently at the stage and listened. His blue shirt was open at the neck, and over it he wore a bright red cardigan. He could have been a stagehand out for a stroll. Instead, James Levine, the new music director of the Metropolitan Opera, was making his rounds. It was the season's last performance of *The Barber of Seville*. Levine had seen and heard it countless times before. That did not matter to the man charged with preserving and restoring the troubled company's musical excellence. He prefers to make his own quality checks, and besides, a new bass, Andrew Foldi, was singing his first Bartolo.

No day is a typical day in the life of James Levine (rhymes with divine). Anything can go wrong at the Met. It can involve a problem today, tonight, tomorrow, next year or 1978. Last week Beverly Sills had to bow out of *La Traviata* on a few hours' notice because of the flu. That was easy: Rita Shane, her cover, was standing by.

The next day offered less surprise, but it did seem to go on forever. At 9 a.m. Levine was at home studying *Der Rosenkavalier*, which he will conduct at the Met later this season. There were phone calls to Salzburg about the performances of Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* this summer. At 2 p.m. Levine was at the Met for a staff meeting to tie up loose ends in the casting and scheduling for next season. The session lasted almost until the 8 p.m. curtain. No supper—and a good thing too: he is a 5-ft. 10-in., 200-pounder trying to lose

weight. Back home at 10 p.m., Levine worked until the wee hours at his desk on Berg's *Lulu*; he will be conducting it next season at the Met. Next day brought a meeting at a midtown hotel about this June's Ravinia Festival near Chicago, of which he is music director. Then home for a two-hour nap, dinner, and off to the Met to conduct *Aida*.

The Aural Part. If Levine is a man in a hurry, he obviously thrives on it. "I never had even a tiny, faint conflict about what I wanted to do, not for as long as I can remember," he says. As a piano prodigy of ten, Levine played the Mendelssohn *Piano Concerto No. 2* with the Cincinnati Symphony. When it came time for a reward from his delighted parents, the answer was quick: "I want to go to New York and to the Metropolitan Opera." Later, as a student at the Juilliard School he could usually be found at the opera three times a week. Speaking metaphorically, as he often does, Levine says: "I know what the Met can do when all its lights are on. I mean, I grew up in that house."

The Met has had brilliant nights in recent years, but only sporadically. The company's big problem right now is to try to get all its lights going on a regular basis. Levine, 32, formally takes over next fall but in fact is already installed in the job. He is part of a troika headed by Executive Director Anthony A. Bliss, who has the final say on everything. But as an administrator, Bliss has declared his intention of staying out of day-to-day artistic decisions. Below him are Levine and Production Director John Dexter, 50, a stage director who has worked at the National Theater in England and on Broadway. "It's a new way of running this house, and it remains to be seen how successfully it

works," says Levine. "I'm responsible for the aural part, John's responsible for the visual part."

In effect, the Met is being run by committee. How well that succeeds only time will tell. The staging of the ambitious new production of *Aida*, introduced a fortnight ago, turned out to be dull and far too stylized, but musically it was exciting. The Triumphal Scene was a staggering series of orchestral and choral climaxes. The Nile Scene, that exotic musical fantasy conjured up by Verdi to heighten the opera's denouement, shimmered with color and mystery.

Levine has guest-conducted most of the major orchestras in the U.S. and is already finding it necessary to say no. He might as well get used to it, because saying no is part of the Met music director's job. "We try to reconcile the house's interest with that of the individual," he says. But it cannot always be done. "One problem we face is that there are fewer great singers of the big-voice type than there were. And lighter-voiced singers have been paid a great price for things they were not really up to, and so didn't have the time to grow."

Another problem for Levine is that his office is not yet ready. Operating almost out of his hip pocket, he bounces happily from one floor to another, borrowing rooms, meeting with the orchestra manager in the basement, rapping with the stage managers near the lightboard. He is quickly recognizable. "I can't work in a coat and tie," he says. Adds Singer Marilyn Horne: "He must have 50 colors of the same sweater." If he needs to dress formally, Levine can dash home in ten minutes to change at the West Side apartment he shares with his girl friend, an oboist. He is a man in a major-key mood, and he is convinced that his presence—he will conduct two to four performances a week for half of each season—will make a difference in the Met's night-by-night standard. "God endowed me very well with a good ear, and every time I've been on the right track I could feel it." Jimmy Levine feels it very much these days.

Classical Records

Mozart: The "Great" Mass in C Minor, K. 427 (New Philharmonia Orchestra, Raymond Leppard, conductor; Seraphim; \$3.98). Over the years, publishers have used the word great to distinguish this work from a Mass in the same key written when Mozart was still in his teens. But if ever a score deserved that adjective without qualification, it is *K. 427*. Composed in 1782-83, its style looks backward to the cantata-type Mass of Bach's day, but its expressiveness and symphonic drive anticipate Beethoven and the romantic era. The

CONDUCTOR JAMES LEVINE IN THE PIT DURING REHEARSAL OF THE MET'S NEW AIDA

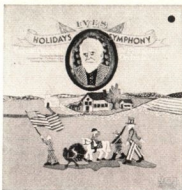


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performance, led by Conductor-Musicologist Leppard, would be worth having at any price. Offered on Angel's low-priced Seraphim line, it is not to be missed.

French Masterpieces for the Cello & Piano (Jeffrey Solow, cello; Irma Vallecillo, piano; Desmar; \$6.98). This is one of the first releases of a new classical label that plans to feature unusual repertory by young artists along with previously unissued historic performances. Debussy's cello *Intermezzo* is a concert rarity never before recorded. It is dreamy, emotionally vague and inconsequential. His piano and cello *Sonata No. 1 in D Minor* is another matter. Here Cellist Solow gets the chance to display his flawless intonation and generous technique as the cello imitates a guitar, flute, mandolin and tambourine. The Saint-Saëns *C Minor Sonata* is a work of contrasts and Pianist Vallecillo masters both its turbulent and serene passages. If this LP serves as an indicator of Desmar's artistic and recording quality, its future should be cheerful.

Charles Ives: Holidays Symphony (Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor; RCA; \$6.98). The holidays are Washington's Birthday (winter), Decoration Day (spring), the Fourth of July (summer) and Thanksgiving (autumn). Ives, the great American innovator, originally composed this symphony as four separate pieces, start-



IVES' HOLIDAYS SYMPHONY
Firecrackers explode.

ing in 1897. Some 16 years later he fused them to make a series of aural reminiscences of his boyhood holidays in Danbury, Conn. Firecrackers explode, a village band escorts the parade to the cemetery to decorate graves, fancy fiddling and a twanging Jew's-harp reverberate through a winter barn dance. *Turkey in the Straw*, *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, *Camptown Races*—Ives borrowed quotes from the sound track of his youth. Beneath this patriotic gloss, his own thorny rhythms and free-form counterpoint combine to create music that remains imaginatively American.

Dvorak: Piano Concerto in G Minor, Op. 33 (Justus Frantz, soloist; New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor; Columbia; \$6.98). Critics frequently poke fun at this stepchild of the late 19th century piano repertory. The orchestral *Sturm und Drang*, it is said, overpower the naive keyboard design. There is nothing naive about Frantz's virile interpretation, however. The young Polish pianist effortlessly bounces off rippling melodies and roaring cadenzas.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A, Op. 92 (The Marlboro Festival Orchestra, Pablo Casals, conductor; Columbia; \$6.98). Few performances of this eloquent work can stand comparison with the 1936 recording by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic (still available on RCA Victor). This one can. Taped during a live performance in 1969 when Casals was 93, it is a summing up of all the attributes associated with him as a conductor: full-blooded sonorities, razor-sharp attacks, irresistible rhythms, shadings of almost chamber-music delicacy. Are there more like this in the Columbia vaults?

Vivaldi: Juditha Triumphans (Birgit Finnilä, contralto; Ingeborg Springer, mezzo-soprano; Ely Ameling, soprano; Annelies Burmeister, contralto; Berlin Chamber Orchestra, Vittorio Negri, conductor. 3 LPs; Philips; \$23.94). Vivaldi composed his 1716 or-

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MUSIC

atorio for his students at the Ospedale della Pietà, the Venetian orphanage where he taught music. The subject was a bloody one for schoolgirls: after beguiling the barbarian commander with words and wine, Judith seizes his sword and chops off his head. The score is sumptuous, propelled by the Baroque master's typical unflagging vitality. In this recording both male and female solo roles are sung by women. In the part of



VIVALDI'S JUDITHA TRIUMPHANS
A bloody subject.

the servant Abra, the ease and accuracy of Soprano Ameling's clear shining passage-work—as in the aria "Armatae facie"—complements the noble style of Contralto Finnilä's Judith.

Wagner: Overture to Die Meistersinger, Prelude and Liebestod from Tristan und Isolde, Prelude to Parsifal, Preludes to Act I and Act III of Lohengrin (Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, Bernard Haitink, conductor; Philips; \$7.98). If records like this did not come along occasionally, one would tend to take these familiar excerpts for granted—as Herbert von Karajan obviously does in a bleary competing version on Angel. The freshness and vigor of Haitink's interpretations stem, surprisingly enough, from his scrupulously orthodox approach. He is less interested in conveying his own message than in getting his men—all of whom seem to be virtuosos—to play precisely what Wagner wrote. What they play is fortunately given some of the finest sound available on disc today. For a sample, try the massed brass midway through the *Parsifal* prelude.

Carl Nielsen: Wind Quintet plus three other chamber works (Vestjysk Kammerensemble Denmark; Deutsche Grammophon; \$7.98). Nielsen's 1922 quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon sought to unveil the individual personality of each wind instrument. In this idyllic piece evoking wild birds and long tree shadows, the flute is very much at home in the forest. The mood quickens, driven by a jazzy oboe, and the clarinet squabbles with the bassoon. The Western Jutland Chamber Ensemble plays with grace, rhythmic drive and a certain sense of mischief.

THE PRESS

The Pike Papers

Although it will hardly take on Pentagon papers proportions, the case of the Pike papers started yet another flap over the handling of secret information by reporters. CBS Washington Correspondent Daniel Schorr finally admitted that he was the one who gave New York's weekly broadside, the *Village Voice* (circ. 152,000), a copy of Representative Otis Pike's House Intelligence Committee's report on CIA and FBI covert operations (see *THE NATION*). The House had voted not to release it, but, said Schorr, he acted on "an inescapable decision of journalistic conscience." Although the document contained nothing significant that had not already been leaked, he added: "As possibly the sole possessor of the document outside the Government, I could not be the one responsible for suppressing the report."

Schorr's admission was forthright, but it raised more questions than it answered. For one thing, how he originally acquired the Pike papers remained unknown at week's end and seemed certain to become the subject of a federal investigation.

Cover Blown. Even murkier was the relationship between Schorr and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, a Washington-based group that gives legal aid to journalists involved in first amendment-related disputes. Schorr approached the committee for help in getting the Pike papers published, and through the help of the committee was put in touch with a literary agent who explored various possibilities; the committee agreed to accept as a donation any proceeds from the sale of the report.

But the committee claims that the agreement covered only publication in book form and that when the report appeared in the *Voice*, their agreement—and its confidentiality—ceased. Schorr, on the other hand, accused the committee of blowing his cover—"I am fully aware," he said, "of the irony of my complaining about leaks"—and insisted that the committee had been involved in the negotiations with *Voice* Publisher Clay Felker.

"Baloney," said Robert Maynard, a trustee of the committee and a Wash-

ington *Post* editorial writer. "He's trying to make us a partner in his calumny." Another trustee, Jack Landon, backed up Maynard. In the meantime, it remained unclear whether or not Felker had actually promised to make a contribution either to Schorr or the committee.

Newer Times

ZEPPU, THE MISSING KENNEDY BROTHER, announced one headline. CAN HOMOS BE DENTISTS? asked another. ZEN AND THE ART OF METHADONE MAINTENANCE, read a third. It was only an irreverent *National Lampoon* parody of a relative newcomer to the U.S. magazine scene, *New Times*, but some readers might have taken it for the real thing. Along with eye-grabbing covers—a grisly painting of John Kennedy at the instant of his assassination; a shot of a grinning skin-mag publisher lying nude under a heap of life-size plastic porn dolls—*New Times*'s most familiar trademark is an addiction to sensational feature stories.

It was launched 28 months ago as a TIME-size fortnightly "feature news-magazine" that would fill in gaps presumably left by the newsweeklies, the sober *New Republic*, the monthly *Atlantic* and all the other news and opinion journals. *New Times* has often seemed preoccupied with drugs, conspiracies and other counterculture concerns; more recently the magazine has moved part way off those trendy themes. *New Times* has reported on a mini-civil war between natives and newcomers in Telluride, Colo., on California hospitals that allegedly give kickbacks to doctors for patient referrals, and on a right-wing militia group in San Diego. Much of *New Times*'s most engaging work is by young writers. Among them: Steve Diamond, 29, whose piece on corruption in federal grain inspection was one of the first journalistic forays into that quagmire; Roger Rapoport, 29, who dissected a surgeon with \$10 million in malpractice suits; Ron Rosenbaum, 29, who interviewed fugitive Abbie Hoffman.

Hip Politics. Not all of *New Times*'s exposes deserve much exposure. Political Editor Robert Sam Anson's rebash of John Kennedy's murder was full of speculation and assumptions. A story about discrimination on the Supreme Court's 250-member staff was short on recent examples.

But for a magazine with a readership that is hip, presumably liberal and young (average age: 29), *New Times* can be remarkably undogmatic about politics. Marshall Frady's examination of Democratic candidates in the current *New Times* comes down hard on several of

them. Says Editor Jonathan Z. (for Zerbe) Larsen: "We want to avoid being trapped in a radical, youthquake rut. We're not conservative by any means, but we can be brutal on liberalism."

Larsen, 36, a former TIME associate editor, joined the magazine more than a year after it was founded by George A. Hirsch, 41, who had quit as publisher of *New York* magazine in a dispute with Editor Clay Felker. Hirsch assembled a staff of contributors that read like a *Who's Who* of liberal and "new" journalism: Jimmy Breslin, Pete Hamill, Jack Newfield, Mike Royko, Dick Schaap and other print celebrities. That was a mistake. When they found the time to produce, the results were too often lightly researched, ill-organized and self-indulgent.

Larsen discovered that young nobodies would hustle if given a byline and a decent fee (\$500 to \$1,000 for a major piece). Their eagerness may be starting to pay off. Guaranteed circulation has climbed from an initial 100,000 to 250,000. Though advertising pages were up by 40% last year, they still averaged only 14 per issue. But a few recent issues have surpassed Hirsch's break-even target of 25 pages, and he says that *New Times* will be in the black by this year's fourth quarter. Still, the magazine has already used up its initial \$1.7 million nest egg from such blue-chip investors as American Express and Chase Manhattan, and has gone through a \$1.1 million refinancing.

Going Ahead. *New Times*'s muck-raking can lead to problems. The magazine is already fighting libel suits totaling \$9.6 million brought by, among others, the California hospitals accused of paying kickbacks and a Texas evangelist charged with beating teen-age girls in his home for runaways. Recently lawyers for Erhard Seminars Training, a California-based human-potential group, demanded a look at the manuscript of a *New Times* story on its operations. Hirsch refused and says he intends to go ahead with the piece.

MICHAEL EVANS

HIRSCH & LARSEN; BELOW: MAGAZINE COVERS



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GOLD MEDAL WINNER DOROTHY HAMILL



SUPERSKIER ROSI MITTERMAIER



For spectators, the In spots at Innsbruck last week were Mittermaier Mountain and Hamill Hall. At least that is what Winter Olympic officials might as well have called the sites where West German Skier Rosi Mittermaier and American Figure Skater Dorothy Hamill performed. Mittermaier Mountain was the steep slope of Axamer Lizum, where tens of thousands of Germans and Austrians chanted, "Ro-si, Ro-si," every time their daredevil streaked by, which she did fast enough and often enough to win three medals: two gold and one silver. Hamill Hall was the Olympic Stadium, where seemingly every American in Austria turned out to cheer as their figure-skating favorite swept over the ice in flawless form to win a gold medal. By the time the two women were done, they had stolen the show at the 12th Winter Games.

Furious Clip. That was no small feat, given the diversity of action as the Olympics wound up. Ski races were going off moments after speed-skating contests ended, and hockey games followed each other at a furious clip. Traffic jams congealed around the competition sites, and some fans retreated to their hotels to watch the Games on TV. At night, hotel bars became the scene of pick-up Olympics. "This is mad," said one American girl at the Holiday Inn. "I might as well have stayed at a singles bar in New York."

For U.S. fans, the week's first surprise came on a twisting, plunging course in the snow bowl at Lizum, out-

side Innsbruck. When she started down the course, American Skier Cindy Nelson, 20, was not sure exactly what route to take: earlier, one of her coaches had unintentionally given her the wrong line to follow, and she had completed only three of nine practice runs. Even as she hurtled down the slope, Cindy was slightly off course. "When I saw my time," said the Lutsen, Minn., native, "I thought, 'Hell, that's a fifth.'" In fact, it turned out to be a third, giving the U.S. another skiing medal to go with Bill Koch's cross-country silver finish the week before.

On the ice, the U.S. fared considerably better. Skating a hard, high-spirited program with gusto, Colleen O'Connor, 24, and Jim Mills, 27, won a bronze medal in ice dancing. In speed skating, a University of Wisconsin music student, Dan Immerfall, 20, picking up where Sheila Young had left off the week before, won an unexpected bronze in the 500-meter sprint.

The American speed skating sensation of the week, though, was lanky Peter Mueller. Taking advantage of being among the first to race on a track that became progressively slower in a rising wind, Mueller churned through the 1,000-meter showdown more than a second faster than his closest pursuer—an overwhelming margin of victory in a race where finishers are clustered within hundredths of a second. For Mueller, 21, fiancé of the 1,500-meter silver medalist Leah Poulos, the victory was the payoff for 15 years of gruelling training. "He's crazy about this sport," says Poulos. "Peter can never stop working. He just can't be bad at anything he does." Says Mueller simply: "I just love to go fast."

Gutsy Play. The young (average age: 21) U.S. hockey team, meanwhile, was putting on an inspiring show of gutsy, spirited play, becoming favorites of the fans as they constantly hugged and slapped each other in encouragement. By winning one hair-raising game against Finland, the team thought it had a solid chance for a bronze medal. But, at week's end, a loss to West Germany ended that hope.

There were plenty of medals to go around. In the men's giant slalom, Switzerland preserved its skiing pride with a gold and silver from Heini Hemmi, 27, and Ernst Good, 26. The Canadians picked up a surprising gold medal when Kathy Kreiner, 18, won the women's giant slalom. Britain won its only medal in figure skating—but it was an elegant one. Transforming Olympic Stadium into a stage for his lyrical ballet on ice, John Curry, 26, won the men's figure-skating title with as smooth and expres-

sive a free-style exhibition as any Olympics has seen.

The Russians as usual came away with the lion's share of the winter medals. They picked up a host of prizes in speed skating, where Evgeni Kulikov, 25, and Valeri Muratov, 29, finished one-two in the 500. The Russian hockey machine, as expected, finished first.

Representing a nation of fewer than 17 million citizens, the East German team placed second to the Russians in total medals. The only sport in which they had no impact was alpine skiing. "Contrary to what one sometimes reads in the West," explained one East German official, "we don't shoot our athletes at dawn if they fail to win. Socialism is identical with competition." What he meant was that in East Germany, sport is a political device to gain prestige abroad and keep up national morale. Highly organized programs identify promising athletes at an early age. And East Germany's training facilities are among the most elaborate and modern in the world. The years of discipline can produce less than spontaneous athletes. Asked to what she attributed her gold medal in single luge, Margit Schu-

mann, 23, replied, "I am a lieutenant of the people's army."

By contrast, West Germany's Rosi Mittermaier, 25, was irrepressibly herself, a born crowd pleaser with her infectious smile and constant giggles. In her first race, the downhill, she was expected to win nothing but came in at lightning speed for her first victory ever in a downhill. Three days later, in the slalom, she cut around the gate with surgical precision on courses so icy that only 19 of 42 starters finished both runs. Said Mittermaier: "I thought the tracks were just beautiful." After the race, she needed an escort of 20 policemen to get her through the crowd. The crush was even worse when she won a silver in the giant slalom.

First Victory. Before the curtain came down on the Rosi show, Dorothy Hamill, 19, opened to rave reviews back in Innsbruck. Her undoing in previous world competitions had always been the compulsory figures. In Innsbruck, though, Dorothy mastered the formal circles and finished second, ahead of her arch rival, Diane de Leeuw, 20. The reason: six months ago her coach Carlo Fassi,

who also guided John Curry to victory (see box), reluctantly decided his own design of blades did not suit Dorothy and switched her to a flatter blade.

Her performance in the short program was joyous and technically impeccable, moving her into first place. Squinting nearly sightedly up at the scoreboard, she could hardly believe the gold was now within reach. "It's strange. It's strange. It might really happen. I might win." Two days later, Hamill did indeed win before a packed, cheering stadium. The event was Innsbruck's hottest ticket, with some going for \$50 and more. Seemingly nerveless, Dorothy gave the kind of performance that marks her distinctive style: she rushed brightly through the air in long, effortless leaps and then spun endlessly, it seemed, on a still point. When the music stopped, a cascade of flowers rained down on the ice; she hugged her coach and squinted again at the near perfect score. Afterward, in her dressing room, she exclaimed: "I didn't really bomb out on anything. That's a first for me!"

CRITCHER/SDS

Fassi: The Man with the Midas Touch

Darting around Innsbruck's Olympic Stadium last week, Figure-Skating Coach Carlo Fassi kept the uniforms of several nations on hand and changed colors midway through events. "I go like crazy," he explained. "I'm everywhere." Everywhere Fassi was last week, there seemed to be gold. In a sport where most coaches would be satisfied to guide just one competitor into the Olympics, the ubiquitous Fassi brought four skaters to the Winter Games and left with two gold-medal winners: America's Dorothy Hamill and Britain's John Curry. The double victory confirmed what many people in figure skating already knew: that Carlo Fassi, with his inexhaustible energy and shrewd skating sense, is the best coach in the business.

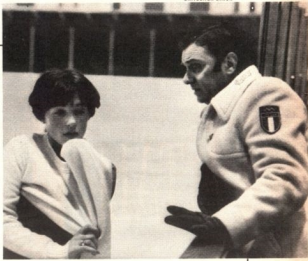
An Italian transplanted to Denver, Fassi, 46, is the Pied Piper of his sport: a community of 35 skaters, plus in some cases their entire families, have migrated to study with him inside the green sheet-metal walls of the Colorado Ice Arena, of which he is part owner. The Fassi tribe includes skaters from the U.S., Italy, Finland, Britain, Yugoslavia and Sweden—plus several Russians who have come for briefer consultations. All pay \$9 for 20 minutes worth of Fassi's wisdom. Most think it is a bargain. "I owe 75% of my gold medal to Carlo," says Dorothy Hamill. John Curry feels that he does too. His highly expressive style had been ridiculed for years. He went to Fassi in 1974, after he had finished a disappointing seventh in the world championships. The following

year, his best moves refined and his excesses trimmed, he came in third.

Fassi calmly reassures his skaters that they are good even when they are depressed. "To make a champion," he says in his slightly fractured English, "I have to be patient. With Dorothy, it is not always easy. She gets mad at herself." Curry also benefited from Fassi's encouragement: "Months before a major competition he starts telling everyone how good you are. Pretty soon you think so yourself."

Fassi is regarded as skating's best compulsory figures tutor. Says Hamill: "Before I got to Carlo, I was tied up in a knot doing figures. I looked like a pretzel."

Fluid, elegant body movements are a hallmark of his style. Moreover, he is a master at manipulating the politics of figure skating. When judges attended practice sessions in Innsbruck, Fassi ordered his skaters to work on their best moves: he told Hamill, for example, to trace her strongest figures near the judges and her weakest on the far side of the rink. It also does not hurt that Fassi coaches skaters from so many nations. In competition, judges from those countries sometimes give his pupils the benefit of the doubt: in Hamill's short program, the Italian judge gave her a



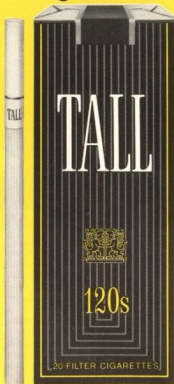
FASSI TUTORING HAMILL

perfect mark of 6.0 for presentation.

Fassi started skating when he was six, at a rink in Milan where his grandfather worked as an electrician. Though he was excellent in compulsory figures, he was never an inspired free skater; Fassi's best showing was a third in the 1953 world championships. He began coaching Italians in 1956, and later took on Europeans and Americans—including 1968 Gold Medalist Peggy Fleming.

Off the ice, Fassi loves to regale his pupils with stories about Italian history, or show them his basement full of electric trains and handcrafted wooden ship models. How much time he will have for such pastimes in the future is debatable. "We go back home soon and rest," he said last week. "At least I hope. But I got some young skaters you should see."

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Culture and the Curse

Renaissance writers insisted it destroyed grass, tarnished mirrors and dissolved asphalt. The sight of it, Australian aborigines believe, can turn a man's hair gray. Until 1967, campers at Glacier National Park were warned that its odor can incite bears to attack.

It is menstrual blood, and it is the source and symbol of a universal taboo. In most cultures, menstruating women are shunned as dangerous or vaguely contaminated. Throughout history, they have been isolated in menstrual huts, forced through purification rituals and sometimes beaten if they ventured into male company during their periods. Exactly why is a mystery. Some think the

that menstruation is a fast-rising issue among feminists, who contend that the taboo teaches women self-hatred and worthlessness. Today, some Jewish women pass on the taboo with a hard slap to the face of a daughter at her first menstruation. Most other mothers, says Weideger, deliver the slap in psychic form, teaching daughters to feel shame about a natural process (the periodic shedding, brought on by a drop in hormonal production, of the lining of the womb when the ovum has not been fertilized).

What of the depression, cramps and pains accompanying menstruation? The traditional explanation is that they are caused by hormonal changes. In 1970 Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's person-



COLOMBIAN GIRL LEAVING HUT WHERE SHE SPENT HER FIRST PERIOD
Was the taboo invented by men as a way of controlling women?

taboo arose from a general repugnance of having sex with a bloodily discharging woman. Others see it as caused by primitive man's sense of awe—and fear—at the sight of blood that does not clot and signifies neither illness nor death. Freud thought man made the taboo because bleeding women awakened his dread of castration. Karl Menninger saw the taboo as male anxiety over heightened female emotionality and sexuality during periods.

Psychic Slap. In her new book *Menstruation and Menopause* (Knopf, \$10), Feminist Paula Weideger goes a step beyond Menninger. To her the taboo represents man's historic fear and envy of woman and a desire to keep her from gaining equal status. Argues Weideger, an M.A. in psychology and a staff associate of New York City's Women's Health Forum: "The taboo fills certain psychic and economic needs of men. It is alive, it is flourishing."

Weideger's book is the latest sign

al physician, Dr. Edgar Berman, created a flap by announcing that "raging hormonal influences" made women unfit for high-pressure jobs. The most impressive work on the effects of menstruation—by Endocrinologist Dr. Katharina Dalton of London's University College Hospital—seems to lend plausibility to the Berman thesis. In studies over a 20-year period, Dr. Dalton found that the grades of female pupils showed a 15% drop when exams fell during days of "premenstrual tension." She also reported that about half of female job absenteeism, suicides, police arrests, traffic accidents and admissions to mental hospitals occurred in the four days before and four days after the onset of menstruation. Her conclusion: the physical changes of menstruation can affect judgment and slow reaction time.

Yet, Author Weideger suggests that many of the troubles attributed to menstruation can actually be traced to the taboo. The idea is not new. Some 50

THE SEXES

years ago, Anthropologist Margaret Mead observed that in Samoa, where the menstrual taboo is mild, discomfort during periods is slight. The idea of severe cramps and pain, she wrote, "struck all Samoan women as bizarre when it was described to them."

Now younger feminist researchers are making the same point. Some argue that the Dalton data merely show that many women have absorbed the mythology of the menstrual taboo. Others challenge the interpretation of the data. For instance, Barnard Psychologist Mary Brown Parlee points out that stress can hasten a period; therefore, many menstruating women who do poorly on exams may be victims of stress, not menstruation. Concludes Parlee: "We be-

MARY CRAMPTON



AUTHOR PAULA WEIDGER

lieve that hormonal change brings certain sensory change, but there is no scientific proof that the hormones make any difference in a woman's behavior."

Three women psychologists at Pennsylvania State University found no significant difference in the amount of stress reported by eleven men and 22 women (half of them on the Pill) over a 35-day period. Psychologist Barbara Sommer of the University of California at Davis reports that 29 women she studied had increased positive feelings around ovulation time, but no increased negative feelings before menstruation.

Pittsburgh Psychologist Randi Koeske contends that the culture created and now reinforces the stereotype of premenstrual irritability by overlooking women's positive feelings and focusing on negative ones. Her advice to women: "Learn to identify premenstrual physical changes as irrelevant to emotion." Some women add several pounds of fluid because of hormone changes. If

so, says Koeske, "Say 'Water retention makes my tear ducts feel full,' not 'I am depressed and about to cry.'"

In a questionnaire study of 298 unmarried women, Psychologist Karen Paige of the University of California at Davis found that religious traditions had an influence on menstrual troubles. Among Jewish women, those who accepted the biblical ban on sexual intercourse during menstruation generally had the worst periods. Catholic women who saw motherhood as their goal had more menstrual troubles than Catholic women who were willing to pursue careers and childless marriage. Similarly, in a door-to-door survey of 1,000 men and women in northern California, Psychologist Paige found that those who celebrated the role of wife and mother were most likely to accept the menstrual taboo. Her conclusion: "Adherence to menstrual taboos should decrease as the importance of the family and woman's role as child producer decrease."

Cultural Cure. Statements like that have raised suspicions that the menstruation issue is just one more doctrinaire attack by working feminists on women who are housewives and mothers. "All we know for sure," says Psychologist Pauline Bart of the University of Illinois Medical School, "is that cultural expectations play a role in many menstrual problems. Beyond that it's all cloudy."

Many greet the new menstrual research with skepticism. Dr. William D. Walden, clinical assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the Cornell Medical Center is "very wary of blaming everything on psychological problems." Weidger herself says "not all cases of menstrual or menopausal discomfort will be dramatically reduced or 'cured' by changes in attitude."

Weidger thinks that women will have to accept the reality of cyclical moods and deal with them, if necessary, through exercise or hormone treatment. Feminists are now exchanging home remedies all the way from lower back massage and raspberry leaf tea to taking calcium ("nature's tranquilizer," said Nutritionist Adelle Davis) before their periods. Some ardent feminists are even urging women friends to examine, smell and taste their own menstrual blood as a way of overcoming traditional attitudes toward menstruation. Others are promoting menstrual extraction—a risky suction procedure—to avoid days of bleeding.

What Weidger and other feminists want most of all is to end the taboo. One suggestion: a party for a daughter at her first menstruation. The taboo, Weidger insists, is based on "fears held by men and directed toward women. It is time for women to reclaim menstruation and define for ourselves how we feel about it."

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A Great Lost Painter



For M. Millet, art is slavish copying of nature. He lights his lantern and goes looking for cretins... imagine a monster with no skull, the eye extinguished by an idiot's squint, straddling in the middle of a field like a scarecrow. No spark of intelligence humanizes this resting brute. Has he been working or murdering?

So ran one Paris critic's response to Jean François Millet's *Man with a Hoe* at the Salon of 1863. And how the Second Empire's fear of the collective poor is distilled in the last six words! Proletarian labor, as a subject for art, was the invention of the 19th century; for that, the country-bred Millet was largely responsible. Other paintings of his met similar critical obloquies: *The Gleaners*, 1857, "have enormous pretensions—they pose like the three fates of

ings, postcards, knickknacks and parodies. *The Sower* became the *Mona Lisa* of socialism, but it served capitalism equally well as the corporate emblem of its owners, the Provident National Bank in Philadelphia.

After the boom, slump, Millet had died in 1875, having greatly influenced Gauguin, Cézanne, Seurat, blue-period Picasso and especially Vincent Van Gogh. Later, modernism lost interest in images of rural labor; they were derided as sentimental masscult. Millet sank from view, leaving behind one obdurate cliché: *The Angelus*, in its tacky frame, on every parlor wall.

The Millet centenary exhibition, which began at the Grand Palais in Paris and is now at London's Hayward Gallery, is a remarkable event. It consists of 147 paintings, drawings and pastels, catalogued with bracing intelligence by Yale Art Historian Robert Herbert, who gives us one of the best readings of a 19th century artist to appear in a decade. What Herbert achieves is the restoration of a great lost painter whose

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JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET'S *ANGELUS* & (ABOVE) *FIGURE FROM MAN WITH A HOE*
Fatalism, weary horizontals and an encyclopedia of work.

pauperdom." *The Sower*, 1850, was greeted by one conservative as an insult to the dignity of work: "I regret that M. Millet so calumniate the sower," he wrote, disturbed by that faceless and inexplicably menacing colossus striding down the dark hill.

Yet before the century ended, these paintings, together with Millet's *Angelus*, had become the most popular works of art in the new age of mass production, disseminated by millions of engrav-

images are central to any understanding of radical culture in France.

Millet was what Gustave Courbet pretended to be: the son of peasants. Born in 1814, he spent most of his life in rural France. He was able to perceive the land and the labor it exacted from men as substance and process, not as a sight for a city-dwelling impressionist on an outing. Millet's *The Plain of Chailly*, 1862, was unlike virtually every previous landscape in Western art. It is nei-

ther a bird's-eye "world view" in the fashion of Bruegel nor a meditation on cosmic energy as in Turner. It is not "romantic." Especially, it is not a vision of property, such as Rubens painted. What it offers is a numbing pressure of material substance. The plain stretches away under the winter sky, its bleak horizontality interrupted only by crows, harrow and a plow. Nothing could be less picturesque.

This is landscape as seen by those who cannot escape, who must work on it. Such people were not rococo milkmaids. They were the rural lumpen proletariat, the rooted, shapeless mass brutalized by the agrarian disasters of the '40s and '50s. Millet was the first artist to make peasants a subject instead of an accessory. His paintings are an encyclopedia of work: digging, hoeing, planting potatoes, spreading manure.

The peasants are large. They fill the foreground. They make it uncomfortable to be the traditional audience of salon painting, the middle-class observer. They are also deliberately iconic. Herbert points out that in Millet's *Going to Work*, 1850, the young peasant couple striding through the fields is based on Masaccio's fresco of Adam and Eve, expelled from Eden and condemned to labor. This resonance is deepened by the potato basket on the wife's head and by the thong she carries like the attribute of a martyr.

Millet sought an enduring and stoic language based on large shapes, resolute drawing, deep tonal contrasts. The result was a classical gravity, "a Homeric idyll, in patois," as one admirer put it. From such an angle, the decorative side of impressionism would have seemed pointless, and perhaps it is only as the taste for pretties like Renoir recedes that Millet's achievement becomes once more apparent.

Reality Grasped. Millet's sympathies were republican. His whole conception of peasant realism was in tune with, and fortified by, the political experiences of 1848: to grasp plebeian reality was to engage in a revolutionary act. But he was no militant. As Herbert is careful to show, Millet's imagination was fatalistic and conservative: the peasants, in his view, could never escape their cycle of toil but were bound like weary oxen to the mill of earth and seasons. That was the root experience of his own peasant childhood.

Millet was an artist, not a propagandist; his depth of feeling was as unquestionable as his lack of egotism. "I will swear to you," he wrote to a friend in 1851, "at the risk of seeming even more of a socialist, that it is the human side that touches me most... and it is never the joyous side that shows itself to me: I don't know where it is. I have never seen it."

Robert Hughes

MILESTONES

Died. Sal Mineo, 37, baby-faced, onetime teen-age idol who earned the nickname "The Switchblade Kid" for his stage and cinema characterizations of young toughs on the rocky road to manhood; after being stabbed, in an alleyway outside his West Hollywood apartment, where he died gasping, unable to identify his assailant. The son of a Bronx coffin maker, Mineo started his career on Broadway at age eleven in *The Rose Tattoo*. In 1956 he won an Oscar nomination for *Rebel Without a Cause*, and an Emmy nomination for *Dino*. A second Oscar nomination came for his 1960 performance as the psychotic youth in *Exodus*. At the time of his death, Mineo was rehearsing for the play *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*; it was to open this week. At week's end, police were seeking a blond man seen running from the alley.

Died. Lee J. Cobb, 64, growly, explosive actor who triumphed on Broadway as Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman* and in over 40 years appeared in more than 80 films; of an apparent heart attack; in Los Angeles. Born Leo Jacoby in New York City, in 1935 Cobb joined Manhattan's Group Theater where he appeared in *Waiting for Lefty* and *Golden Boy*. Cobb was acting in Hollywood films when Director Elia Kazan sent him a copy of a new Arthur Miller play, *Death of a Salesman*, and an offer of the starring role. He accepted and in 1949 gave a landmark performance. After a decade of moviemaking and four years as Judge Garth in TV's *The Virginian*, Cobb in 1968 again scaled theatrical heights as the blind, ravaged monarch in *King Lear*.

Died. Percy Faith, 67, Canadian-born conductor-composer-arranger whose soothing sounds comforted the generation brought up on quiet evenings at home with live radio music; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Lily Pons, 70ish, tiny coloratura soprano whose thrilling delighted audiences worldwide for more than 30 years; of cancer; in Dallas. A prizewinning pianist at the Paris Conservatory, Pons switched to singing when she discovered she had perfect pitch and extraordinary vocal cords. In 1929 at the Opera House in Mulhouse, Alsace, she debuted in *Lakmé*, a role in which she later daringly appeared, navel exposed, in costume sans midriff. One of her most famous performances was at the Metropolitan Opera in 1931: she sang the difficult "Mad Scene" in *Lucia di Lammermoor* in the key of F, an entire tone higher than the original score. Married to Conductor André Kostelanetz from 1938 until their divorce in 1958, Pons moved to Dallas in 1961 and remained active in local opera.



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Now, the No-Frills House

Thanks to inflation and the continuing energy shortage, the compact car seems here to stay. Now, with driveway ready, comes the compact house. In suburban areas around the country, builders are turning out no-frills houses that sell for prices ranging in most areas from about \$20,000 to \$36,000. Aimed primarily at buyers who would not otherwise be able to afford a home of their own in today's market, the small houses in some areas are breaking sales records in a recession-dogged industry.

The "affordable" houses, as a Texas land developer calls them, are cheaper to maintain and run than standard-size homes. They are particularly suited to young couples, who can later add a floor to most models or convert a carport if they need more space for growing children. Smaller homes also make sense for older couples. Dr. Joseph Murphy, a retired physician, and his wife, whose three daughters are grown, recently sold their \$62,500 house in a Dallas suburb to move into a \$23,500, three-bedroom compact outside the city. Says Dr. Murphy: "I've always wanted a small house that was quite large." Other buyers agree that the minihouse's minilot is actually an advantage: they need to spend less time working on the lawn. Another gain: small-homeowners can save substantially on fuel costs.

The smaller-is-better trend is apparent at Woodlands, a fashionable country-club development north of Houston where houses sell for up to \$150,000; the bestselling models now are priced between \$30,900 and \$34,900. The houses (1,085 sq. ft. to 1,275 sq. ft. in area) have three bedrooms and two baths and, their realtor boasts, "no unusable space." After a down payment of roughly \$1,500, the owner pays about \$300 a month on his mortgage. Fox & Jacobs, an aggressive building firm, sells its slightly bigger Dallas-area homes (1,230 sq. ft. to 1,407 sq. ft.) at prices ranging from \$20,450 to \$24,750; they also have three bedrooms and two baths, and the large family room-dining area-kitchen combination in each has a fireplace. The house is designed to take one-fourth as much energy to heat and cool as a standard 2,800-sq.-ft. house.

Lack of Privacy. The price of a back-to-basics dwelling is still determined by land costs and zoning regulations. Pittsburgh's Ryan Homes Inc. sells its two-bedroom Dundee model for \$24,500 in Columbus, Ohio; the same house costs \$40,000 in suburban Washington, D.C. In Florida, where suburban real estate is still relatively low, Deltona Corp. is building compacts (654 sq. ft. to 1,300 sq. ft.) ranging from \$18,000 to \$32,000 in eight different developments. Its smallest model, a one-bedroom, one-bath, air-conditioned house, sells for \$17,980.

Some builders achieve savings by eliminating many luxuries home buyers have taken for granted: picture windows, sliding glass doors, cathedral ceilings and, frequently, appliances. Some developers build the houses in clusters, saving on labor costs as well as land. They also economize by using aluminum or formica siding, and leaving the lot bare.

Though some of the houses are smaller than many

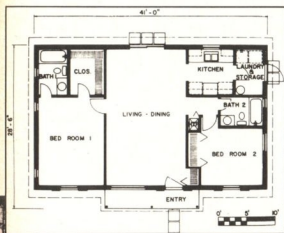
apartments, buyers do not seem to mind the lack of privacy. Indeed, though no-frills houses were originally planned as an answer to high prices, some builders predict that they may ultimately account for 80% of the market. Says Frank E. Mackle Jr., president of Florida's Deltona Corp.: "It's just like people driving smaller cars and drinking beer instead of Scotch."

Cool Pool Crisis

Orange groves have been obliterated by freeways. Pacific sunsets are gone, curtailed by smog. Up-and-away mobility has fallen prey to traffic congestion. Now what many consider the ultimate blow to California's vaunted good life has been delivered by the state's Public Utilities Commission, which has ruled that after April 1 it will be unlawful to heat newly built swimming pools with natural gas—the only practical way to warm them.

The ruling is comparable to a decree by a Roman emperor that participants in orgies must be fully clothed at all times. Pool builders insist that at least 50% of their prospective customers will not go near the water if it is unheated. Though there are already 225,000 pools in Southern California and 12,000 more are added each year, this seemingly irreversible growth rate may now be stopped, so to speak, cold. Swimming-pool heaters are a use of energy the state cannot afford, argues the commission. Not so, says the industry, which contends that the natural gas used to heat all the pools in Los Angeles accounts for only six-tenths of 1% of the total gas consumption there.

One possible loophole is a concession by the commission that it will allow pools and small redwood "spas" to be heated "for therapeutic purposes." In the future, heated pools may have to be called natatoriums, while their owners brandish doctors' certificates attesting that they are polio victims. Other Californians may have to join pool pools.



FLOOR PLAN & FRONT VIEW OF TWO-BEDROOM DELTONA COMPACT IN FLORIDA





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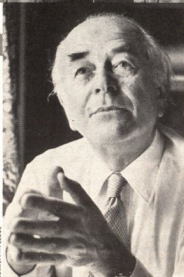
All the good writers of confessions, from Augustine onwards, are still a little in love with their sins.

—Anatole France

If any reader doubts the wisdom of France's *aperçu* let him examine these stark entries. Albert Speer, author of the bestseller *Inside the Third Reich*, has unique credentials for speculation on the nature of evil and culpability. The architect was literally the Master Builder of the Third Reich and Hitler's Minister of Armaments and War Production. It was in his ministerial capacity that Speer employed some 5 million slave laborers; it was for that role that he was sentenced at the Nuremberg trials to long imprisonment.

The Reich lasted twelve years, the incarceration 20. That is merely first in a file of ironies. Forbidden to write a formal memoir, Speer scribbles on toilet paper, then smuggles out his work with the help of a Dutch guard who had once served as a forced laborer in a German factory. Speer's Russian captors—who alternate with more lenient Westerners—are as harsh and arbitrary as Reich Marshals. When he steals a cauliflower from the prison vegetable garden, Speer is caught and sentenced to a week of solitary confinement.

Spellbound Lover. His fellow prisoners, the great German admirals Raeder and Doenitz, squabble like jealous ensigns; the disintegrating Rudolph Hess, once Hitler's deputy, malingers and throws fits to garner pity. Speer, who displayed no discernible sympathy for workers during the '30s and '40s, grows hungry. He observes: "I often stoop to



DIARIST ALBERT SPEER
Hitler's unrequited love.

pick up crumbs of bread that have fallen from the table. For the first time in my life I am discovering what it means not to have enough to eat."

This lack of moral imagination is clearest in the book within the book—a love story of Albert Speer and Adolf Hitler. It is a romance without queerness or pathos. It is simply the reminiscence of an acolyte still spellbound after all these years. "Isn't it understandable that even now the image of the enthusiastic Hitler comes to mind?" he writes, early on. Later a guard marks a significant milestone. Speer writes: "Today would be Hitler's birthday. How many birthdays I spent with Hitler in the Berlin chancellery, with delegations paying homage to him, with grandiose parades!" He recalls his mother's observation of evenings spent at a mountain castle: "Hitler was terribly nice. But such a parvenu world!" He broods on the fact that he suddenly cannot remember the Führer's "engaging traits": "Have continued to reflect on my relationship to Hitler. The theme of faithlessness." He

recalls the remark of an associate, "made after an evening visit to my studio, that I was Hitler's unrequited love."

It was not so unrequited. Though Speer recognizes the Führer's monstrous propensities, he is still able to write, wholly without historical remove: "[He] had the ignorance, the curiosity, the enthusiasm and the temerity of the born dilettante; and along with that, inspiration, imagination, lack of bias."

The man who could write about Hitler's lack of bias is surely incapable of rational analysis, either of himself or the beloved. Yet Speer is an intelligent, even brilliant man. His every page refutes the old belief that Nazis were all butchers or madmen. The author is a civilized stoic, who walks meters around the prison yard, "from Spandau to Peking," musing about aesthetics. He thinks incessantly, and often beautifully, about his children growing up without him.

Nuremberg Obituary. But it is in his very intellectuality that Speer chillingly reveals himself—and, ultimately, the mind of the Third Reich. In a series of entries he evokes the works of Ernest Hemingway, Martin Buber and Thomas Mann. Herr Speer never fully comprehends what might have happened if he and his comrades had triumphed. The thundering anti-Fascist Hemingway would surely have perished. Mann was a political exile whose German works literally went up in smoke. Buber, the Jew, would have ended with his brothers in the ovens of Auschwitz.

Legal judgment has already been passed on Speer. Literary evaluation has placed him in the ranks of the invaluable; he was, says Historian Hugh Trevor Roper, the brightest of the important Nazis. As for the moral judgment: that is made by Speer himself in the pages of *Spandau*. "Strictly speaking," he writes, "my life ended in May 1945. In Nuremberg I pronounced my obit-

BOOKS

uary. That's it." The thoughts in this book are from a freed and rather wealthy man, now living in obscurity in Germany. His work is the diary of a corpse.

Stefan Kanfer

Rosemary's Führer

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL

by IRA LEVIN

312 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

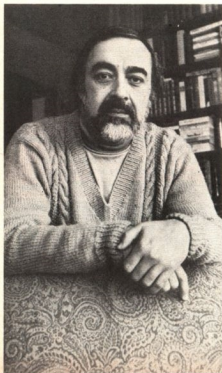
Who can forget the grainy documentary film sequence that shows Dr. Josef Mengele greeting new arrivals at Auschwitz? Handsome as a matinee idol in his uniform, he blithely chooses the men, women and children for genetic experiments. Those not gently nudged aside by his baton go more quickly to their deaths in the gas chamber.

The "angel of extermination," as Anne Frank called Mengele in her diary, was not arrested after the war. He lived openly in Bavaria until 1951, when pressure to bring him to justice forced his retreat to the havens of Argentina and Paraguay. Only when Israeli agents came hunting did he flee to the cover of a German settlement in the Paraguayan jungle. Presumably he is still there, drinking Chilean Riesling and reminiscing about the Third Reich.

Ira Levin has other ideas. In *The Boys from Brazil*, he pulls 64-year-old Mengele out of shady retirement to play a grotesque caricature of himself. As he did in *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin bases his new plot on a perversion of planned parenthood. This time the mumbo jumbo of the occult has been replaced by the gizmos of science fiction.

After years in his secret lab, Men-

NOVELIST IRA LEVIN



gele has perfected the biological techniques necessary to duplicate Adolf Hitler—not once but 94 times. The procedure, known as cloning, is based on scientific fact. Because each cell in an organism contains the genetic material that gives the organism its unique characteristics, it is theoretically possible to grow an entire and identical organism from any one cell. In 1943 Mengele had the foresight to ask the Führer for blood and skin samples.

The embryonic Adolfs are brought to term in the wombs of compliant Indian women, then sent to Rio and put on the world adoption market. Mengele schemes to place them with families in Europe and North America that most closely resemble the parental environment of the original Hitler. The principal qualification: mothers have to be much younger than the fathers—retired civil servants who must die when the ditto Hitlers are about 14 years old. If nature does not take its course, killers are sent to eliminate the old men. Having manipulated both nature and nurture, Mengele hopes that at least one of the 94 boys will grow up with the zeal to re-establish a supreme Aryan order.

Challenging this diabolism is Jakob Liebermann, a death-camp survivor who has devoted his postwar life to detecting and exposing unpunished Nazi war criminals. He is obviously modeled on Simon Wiesenthal, the Vienna-based sleuth who has tracked down some 800 Nazis, including Adolf Eichmann.

Liebermann's job is to learn what Mengele is up to and then convince the appropriate people to put a stop to the Hitler baby boom. Author Levin's job is harder. He must convince his readers that *The Boys from Brazil* is more than just a sick joke. He cannot. Levin's primitive literary skills aside, the turning of Josef Mengele into a mad scientist from the pages of a 1940s comic book requires more than a suspension of disbelief. It also requires a suspension of taste. Exploiting such a monster for entertainment and profit is enough to give evil a bad name.

R. Z. Sheppard

Notable

A WOMAN CALLED MOSES

by MARCY HEIDISH

308 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$9.95.

As Harriet Tubman crouches behind a stand of trees that edge the slave quarters of a Maryland plantation, her song wails across the dark night. "Who's that yonder dressed in red? / I heard the angels sing. / Looks like the children that Moses led. / I heard the angels singing." The plaintive melody is a mythic signal, readily understood: she is the "Moses" who is leading her people out of bondage. Moments after Harriet's song has ended, the passengers join her on the Underground Railroad, moving North to freedom.

In Marcy Heidish's fictionalized

OF THE BUCKTOWN DISTRICT
EDOM FOR HERSELF AND SOME
DRED OTHER SLAVES WHOM SHE
TH. IN THE CIVIL
HE UNION ARMY AS
ID SPY.



NOVELIST MARCY HEIDISH

An invincibly courageous woman.

narrative, the heroine recounts her role as hope to the "bondfolk" of the South, terror to plantation owners (the reward for her capture rose to \$40,000) and major figure in the abolition and women's suffrage movements. Harriet Tubman, a short, muscular woman, was born into slavery around 1820 on Maryland's Eastern Shore. At 15, she suffered a severe head injury when an overseer threw an iron weight at her. The blow left Harriet with permanent brain damage; for the remainder of her life, she would suffer periods of unconsciousness.

She suffered no such lapses of responsibility. After fleeing to free territory, she organized 19 forays into the South, bringing out 300 men, women and children. But she continued to worry about the unreachable. In Heidish's stream of conscience, Tubman murmurs: "I began to dream continually on numbers... Three million the abolitionists said there were; that figure loomed large in my brain, nearly blotting the others out. I was unable to picture what a million or two or three million looked like, so I dreamed instead of fingers, counting them, fingers spread, pointing, webbing together, locking at the knuckles, breaking apart, stretching."

In this evocative first novel, the rescuer emerges as an invincibly courageous woman, guided by a deep, mystical religious faith and a tenacious vision. Harriet Tubman used her great intelligence in the service of a passionate love for her people. She was, to the end of her days, illiterate. But she did more than read or write a book. She inspired one—and millions of followers, down to the present.

THE AUCTIONEER

by JOAN SAMSON

239 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

Perly Dunsmore is an auctioneer with the suave, hypnotic ease of a political campaigner. Settling into the little New Hampshire town of Harlowe, he begins his auctions with a benefit for the one-man police force. But he is not in town for charitable purposes. Before long, the townspeople's most precious possessions—including, eventually, children—fall under Dunsmore's hammer. Wispes of evil drift through the book, perceived through the eyes of the Moores,

a proud old farming family. "You'll pay worse if you try to say no," warns Mim Moore. "Somebody—some head guy somewhere's bound to catch on and put the lid on the whole thing," a friend counters. "This is still America." But when Mim's husband John finally protests to the authorities, he is dismissed as a crank.

Though Joan Samson's first novel owes its resonance to Shirley Jackson's American-gothic short story *The Lottery*, the book tends to provoke rather than frighten. The author's poetic imagery highlights the New England scene and characters: "Beneath the high wind, a tongue of water rang against the scoured stones like the wooden clapper in a bell, warning that they were slippery." *The Auctioneer* becomes less a tale of suspense than a parable of politics. The open questions it poses are as old as society itself: What is the nature of power? What makes people cede control over their own destinies to the glib, the avaricious, the contemptuous?

THE ASSASSINS

by JOYCE CAROL OATES
568 pages. Vanguard Press. \$8.95.

The somewhat too prodigious Joyce Carol Oates, 37, whose fiction has exploded with gunshots, stabbings and bombings, also sets off booby traps in the mind. Her seventh novel is a meditation on assassination and the violence that lodges in the American heart. This is her roughest, most repetitious read, yet it is difficult to suggest a briefer way to tell such a complex tale.

When Andrew Petrie, a former right-wing U.S. Senator, is assassinated in his sprawling New York farmhouse, the list of possible left-wing assassins is all but endless. A reactionary advocate of population control, Petrie was also the nettlesome gadfly editor of a scholarly monthly journal. At the time of his murder, he was composing a treatise on the failure of the American experiment. The reader is compelled to ask if the megalomaniacal Petrie was 1) a mere crackpot, 2) a latter-day Henry Adams or 3) a pernicious William F. Buckley minus the charm. The novel is slowly unraveled by three highly inflamed, profoundly disturbed minds. Each version of the events needs the other two to make literary and psychological sense.

Author Oates is best understood alongside the 19th century's great moral improvers. She is sister-in-arms to Melville, Hawthorne, Twain and Mrs. Stowe. All wanted their writing to better the public they were writing for—even when they despaired of civic improvement. Oates has yet to write a book that liberates as fully as it lacerates. But she cares about the national identity as no other living American novelist does. If she can steady her grip on her terrifying, transmogrifying wit, there may yet be a great novel in the already vast Oates canon.



She will never forget the pain of poverty.

Patsy knows what it is to be poor.

She knows what it feels like to be hungry, to wear cast-off clothes, to sleep on the floor because there is no bed.

Patsy lives in a slum on the outskirts of a city in India. She shares two rooms with her parents and six brothers and sisters.

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But Patsy is lucky. She now has a chance to escape this poverty. She has a kind sponsor in the U.S. who is helping her through the Christian Children's Fund.

Patsy attends a school affiliated with CCF. She gets books, school uniforms and other clothes. At school she is given breakfast, lunch and nourishing snacks.

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You can sponsor a child like Patsy for \$15 a month. Please fill out coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You'll receive your sponsored child's name, address, photograph and project description. You're encouraged to write the child and your letters will be answered. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

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By the Numbers

The television setting is "Scoops' Place," a rundown drugstore in the inner city. A young soda jerk named K.O.K. spoons out free banana splits to two buddies who stroll in. Boss "Scoops" calls the boy aside and points out that, although he makes only \$1 per hour, K.O.K. has just spent \$6 on ice cream for his friends. "Son," says Scoops in a fatherly fashion, "you're supposed to make \$4 today. Now you've gotta work two more hours just to get back to zero." Blurts out the incredulous K.O.K.: "Oh, man, hey, I didn't even know there was a below zero. Man, I'm in worse shape than if I didn't have nothin' at all."

K.O.K. has just learned about negative numbers. His experience is shared by elementary school children who—three times a week in Boston and four in Los Angeles—watch a new show, *Infinity Factory*, on their TV sets. Each half-hour program has a specific goal: to teach youngsters a mathematical concept, holding their attention with lively gimmicks that are reminiscent of those on *Laugh-In* and *Sesame Street*.

Fear of Math. *Factory* is the idea of Jerrold Zacharias, professor emeritus of physics at M.I.T. and the inventor of civilization's most precise timepiece: the atomic clock. Zacharias has long been concerned about what he calls "mathophobia," a widespread fear of math among school children, especially minority students. Black children, according to a 1975 report by the Education Commission of the States, score 14% below the national norm on math tests at age 9, 21% below by age 17.

"THE BROWNSTONES" EXCHANGING QUIPS



JULIA ROSS

Determined to make math less formidable, Zacharias in 1974 assembled a team of educators at the Educational Development Center in Newton, Mass. With the help of a \$4 million grant from the U.S. Office of Education, the group created a series of 65 TV programs aimed at eight- to eleven-year-olds—the age at which interest in math first begins to wane. Zacharias and his co-workers isolated five mathematical concepts rarely mastered by that age group: map making and scaling, estimating, measurement, decimals and graphs. Then the team planned *Factory* episodes that focus on each of these problem areas.

The show, produced by Film Maker Jesús Salgado Treviño, tears along at a breakneck pace to the beat of finger-snapping rock music. Regular features include a spin-off of the *Laugh-In* cock-

BONNIE SHATTO HANMER



DISC JOCKEY COOL BREEZE
Eight times nine.

tail party. Kids dance frantically to music; when it stops, everybody freezes while the camera zooms in on one child, who asks: "What's eight times seven?" The music resumes, then stops, and another child shouts "Fifty-six." In "The Brownstones," another *Laugh-In*-like skit, children lean out of apartment-house windows singing and joking.

Other episodes take place, as on *Sesame Street*, in neighborhood settings. Because black and Hispanic children are a special concern, many of the shows are filmed in black areas or in the barrio. For example, at "Julio's Panaderia," a bakery in East Los Angeles, a Chicano family solves everyday problems with math. Coolidge Cool Breeze, a disc jockey on *Factory*, is a character designed to appeal to blacks. Dialing a

number, Cool Breeze croons: "Might this be the home of Olive Crabtree? Can you tell me for one hundred big smackers what the answer is to eight times nine?" Olive is stumped. Viewers, however, are let in on the correct answer.

Infinity Factory will soon have a larger audience. The U.S. Office of Education has already awarded the Educational Development Center another \$2 million to produce 30 more shows. The Public Broadcasting System (PBS) plans to distribute *Factory* nationwide in the fall. Insists Davis Tracy, a PBS program coordinator: "This show is gonna click. I mean really click. There isn't anything else like it anywhere."

Report Card

► After months of resisting the demands of students and faculty, Frank L. Hereford Jr., president of the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, yielded last week. He resigned his membership in the nearby Farmington Country Club, an institution that denies admission to blacks. Hereford stated that he had hoped to change the club's restrictive practices by retaining his membership and working from within. Even when Farmington members voted overwhelmingly to uphold the club's racial rules (TIME, Feb. 9), Hereford hung on, hoping that the Farmington board of directors would reject the vote. But after the board failed to do so, Hereford said he could no longer accept the club's "segregationist policy" and quit. Eighteen other club members joined Hereford in handing in their resignations, including Jill Rinehart, a Charlottesville councilwoman and wife of the president of Farmington.

► At Bennington College in Vermont, Joseph S. Iseman, 59, a New York lawyer and member of the school's board of trustees, was named acting president to replace Gail Thain Parker, 33. Parker and her husband Thomas, 33, vice president of the college, had resigned after heavy pressure from the faculty. Only three years earlier, the couple had been welcomed to the campus as a young, innovative team. Since last fall, however, many faculty members had refused to work with President Parker, charging that she was uncommunicative and aloof. They were particularly aroused by a Parker report on the future of the college that, among other recommendations, called for an end to the tenure system at Bennington. Still bitter about the dispute, Gail Parker says: "I quit because it wasn't worth it. I'm not willing to be abused unless I'm damned sure there will be some real gain." Iseman's tenure will also be short. He plans to leave in June, and the search is already on for a new president.

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(41 MPG highway, 29 MPG city.)*



and finish. In short, it's tough all over.

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Datsun Saves

TV service technicians give their opinion about Zenith:

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith	36%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 (38% vs. 15%) over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand C.....	8%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	2%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand G.....	1%
Brand H.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639.

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